# New Statesman

## The Week-end Review

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# The Irrelevance of Mr Amory

ONE word describes Mr Amory's Budget: it is irrelevant. He conceded this in his opening sentences when he spoke of his inability 'to read confidently the barometer of world trade and economic activity'. Will the US recession get worse? It might. Will Britain's own position become more difficult in the next few months? It may. But, said Mr Amory, 'it is too soon to be sure': there could be a turn for the better, and it would therefore be foolish for him to stimulate demand lest he set off a new inflation.

In these phrases Mr Amory revealed the dilemma facing the government. It deliberately and for doctrinaire reasons abandoned all means of controlling the economy save the Bank rate and the Budget, both of which are limited and crude in their effect. If, as Mr Thorneycroft wished, it were to press on with the deflationary policy it has followed in the last six months it could bring on a serious recession. If, on the other hand, it were to relax the credit squeeze and let consumption increase, it could soon run into another balance of payments crisis. Either policy, pushed to its logical end, would weaken the pound, and if the American slump should continue, Britain would be driven again to devaluation.

No wonder, then, that Mr Amory has opted for another year of drift and stagnation, that his Budget is full of bits and pieces, and that nothing has been done to stop the decline in investment, production and employment, or to stop the leaks in the sterling area that caused the crisis last year. Mr Amory has sternly rebuked his critics. He should rebuke his colleagues. For the policies they have been following for the last few years have brought our economy to the point where it has no room to manoeuvre. They allowed consumption to rise at the expense of investment; and, last autumn, when they ran into difficulties, they sought to rescue themselves by cutting investment again. The result has been that our economy ceased to grow. Had investment continued at the rate sustained up to 1951, we should now enjoy a national income larger by some £3,000m. a year, and our balance of payments position would be far stronger.

There is a faint recognition of this point in the decision to increase investment allowances – though Mr Thorneycroft's cuts last year have not been restored. But the amount is negligible: £23m. in a full year. And, at the same time, the introduction of a flat rate tax on profits will force many firms to distribute more in dividends at the expense of investment. This may please those who cash dividend warrants, but it is both economic nonsense and a gesture which will make it far more difficult to secure the wage stability on which Mr Amory is still insisting.

This is the central weakness of Mr Amory's Budget, and its irrelevance cannot be concealed by the headline-catching changes of detail. It may be sensible to cut the cinema tax, stamp duty on house-purchase, ease the tax burden slightly on old people, give a sop to Spanish, Portuguese and South African wine-growers. The cuts in purchase tax have some sense about them too – though it is an odd schedule of changes that makes office furniture, rabbit-skins and electric mixers cheaper and puts a tax on miners' helmets and boots. There are also good grounds for easing the credit squeeze in development areas, giving Treasury backing to export credits and assisting dry-dock construction. But these are all trivia, as Mr Amory in effect admits, and in so far as they please anyone they will please the lobbies that have been urging changes of this kind on the Chancellor. They will certainly do nothing to relieve the growing anxiety and discontent in the trade union movement, or help avert the threatened strikes.

The simple fact is that nothing can be done unless and until the government is prepared to admit that monetary measures alone cannot solve our problems. Without exchange and import controls, and restrictions on hire purchase and bank credit, cheaper money will weaken the pound. And without a policy that puts investment as the first priority, our economy will continue to stagnate and we shall lag further behind our competitors. Mr Amory is gambling that the situation will not get worse, and hoping it may get better. But even if that gamble comes off, our long-term prospects are gloomy – and they are the worse because yet another opportunity has been missed.

# Comments on the Week's News

## Inching to the Summit

Mr Dulles's Summit tactics have so far been brilliantly successful. While endless diplomatic exchanges have continued – creating in the popular mind an atmosphere of puzzlement and boredom – he has been steadily approaching his two major objectives: the new and giant series of US nuclear tests, due to begin at the end of the month, and the nuclear arming of West Germany. Dr Adenauer's visit, indeed, reminds us that, while the Summit is still over the horizon, the Cold War is very much with us. Progress was made at this week's Nato Defence Ministers' meeting in Paris towards the creation of a European nuclear arms pool, in which Germany will share; and by the end of the year she will have her first American-supplied rockets. The nuclear arms pool, of course, is a way of getting round the provisions of the West European Union agreement, which explicity forbids Germany to make atomic weapons; it is possible that within a year Germany will have her own Matador missiles equipped with tactical atomic warheads. All this, of course, makes an early Summit meeting more urgent, and the Russians will be ill-advised to stick to their insistence that this week's meeting of ambassadors in Moscow – the first concrete step towards the Summit – should be confined to discussing procedural problems. The Russian leaders have a right to be angry about the decision to arm Germany with nuclear weapons; it clearly introduces a new and incalculably dangerous element into the Cold War. Last week, the Soviet ambassador in Washington said his government saw the Summit meeting more as a general exchange of views on world problems rather than a working conference held to produce specific agreements. This seems to us to strike a note of unwarranted optimism: merely to hold talks round a table – even if friendly – will not interrupt Germany's nuclear march.

## Return from Budapest

Mr Krushchev's stump speeches are even more revealing than his asides at parties, his interviews and correspondence. For, despite his self-confidence, he always speaks as a man who is trying to win an argument rather than put over a cut-and-dried line which will anyway be enforced by the machine at his disposal. His statements in Hungary, for instance, were aimed in part at the Hungarian people, partly at the Stalinist elements which still have a powerful position inside the Hungarian party, partly at western politicians and commentators. The mixture is confusing, but in it one can detect an inner consistency that has run through all Krushchev's utterances. (It is now clear that his famous speech at the 20th Congress was far more personal and punctuated by impromptus than it seemed at the time.) He is trying to recapture, or re-create, the revolutionary *élan* of the party which withered under Stalinism – a purpose which explains why he opposes both the old-style Stalinists and the 'revisionists'. In the case of Hungary, his appeal fell on ears still deafened by the sound of Soviet guns. He clearly realised this, and the changes between one speech and the next show clearly that he was disturbed by his first-hand inspection of the Kadar regime. He still insists, for the record, that the 1956 revolution was the work of counter-revolutionaries. But in the disjointed comments he made in Moscow on his return last Thursday he effectively destroyed this myth with the words: 'Rakosi is guilty for what happened in Hungary'. Revealingly, he added that 'even now Rakosi is offended at not being recognised. He did not, however, live up to the workers' expectations'. We must assume that Krushchev has ensured that Kadar will be backed against the efforts of Rakosi's supporters to make a comeback. If he now goes on to answer his rhetorical question – 'how could Rakosi permit the things he allowed to happen when he was at the head?' – he would be forced to conclusions very different from the case that he tried to argue on his Hungarian tour.

## Who Should Pay?

The efforts to avert a strike on the London buses and on the railways continue, though Mr Amory's Budget has not helped towards agreement. Whatever happens, however, the railway dispute has raised important issues that go beyond the immediate dangers of a strike. For the tribunal which reviewed the railwaymen's case in effect conceded that, under normal conditions, it would have given them at least a part of their claim and that railway wages are in any case low by comparison with other industries. On these grounds, Mr Hall argued for an award in favour of the men. His colleagues declined to reach such a finding: since the government has told the Transport Commission that no more money will be provided – the railways are already in deficit, and the modernisation programme is absorbing all the available capital – the arbitrators turned down the claim. There was, they said, no money to meet it. It can be argued that they have exceeded their functions: it is their task to assess the merit of a claim and then leave it to the two parties in dispute to decide whether or not to accept any award that is proposed. And their action will certainly further undermine the confidence of the unions in arbitration procedure, for the government had prejudged the railwaymen's claim before it was reviewed by the tribunal. This is not the only problem raised by this dispute. Once again it has shown that the methods of financing (including wage policy) the nationalised industries are complex and unsatisfactory. It is not a matter of straightforward bargaining between unions and employers: the state is also a party. If it has willed the end of a nationalised railway system – as the Cameron Report conceded – it must also will the means to pay decent wages, either by subsidy or by permitting fares to rise. It cannot hold down wages, the fares and the subsidy without trouble. Finally, this dispute is forcing us to ask again how large a railway system we want, and how many men it should employ. The modernisation plan is excellent, on its own assumptions, but it has never been properly related to the needs and character of our economy as a whole.

## The ETU Replies

Mr F. L. Haxell, general secretary of the ETU, has written a pamphlet replying to comments made in this journal on the conduct of elections in the ETU. His main target is the article by Mr Woodrow Wyatt which appeared on 18 January this year. The pamphlet includes a letter intended for the NEW STATESMAN which was never sent to this journal because we had informed Mr Haxell that a reply would have to be limited to 1,200 words in addition to any relevant tables. If Mr Haxell had given less space to personal abuse of Mr Wyatt and of Mr Cannon, one of his own members who under the rules presumably has no right of public reply, and paid more attention to the case against the ETU leadership, he could easily have put everything of substance that he chose to say in his letter within 1,200 words and included his tables as well.

Mr Wyatt cited 11 branches which had in 1948 voted above their entitlement in favour of Mr Haxell at the second ballot for the post of assistant general secretary. Mr Haxell counters with a list of 10 branches which recorded a very high vote in favour of his opponent. The purport of this table appears to be to demonstrate that the falsification of returns is not confined to Communist-controlled branches. This may well be. Once irregularities in voting start in a union it is understandable that the habit should spread. Elections are then won by the side best able to manipulate the results. And the Communist Party, with its extensive organisation, is in the best position to do so. Mr Haxell makes no attempt to deny Mr Wyatt's assertion that the decisive voting figures in the branches he listed were manifestly untrue and should have prompted the executive to hold investigations. Nor does Mr Haxell deny that the Communist Party special advisory committee for the ETU (including persons who are not members of the ETU) has for years met once a month with the Communist fraction on the ETU executive to discuss union policy. As the ETU executive has long been dominated by an outside group, this completely disposes of any complaint the ETU executive may have about interference from the press or any other outside source.

## An African Monroe Doctrine

In opening the first conference of independent African states at Accra, Dr Nkrumah's theme was, of course, the liberation of all Africa from colonialism and racialism. When Ghana achieved independence Dr Nrkumah promised first to dedicate himself to the promotion of West African federation. To this the four premiers of Nigeria returned a dusty answer; in West Nigeria it has even been said that it was 'an insult that the Prime Minister of a small country like Ghana should essay to be Nigeria's spokesman'. But there is plenty of Africa to be liberated even if Britain's policy of withdrawal has removed Nigeria and Sierra Leone from the field of denunciation. The French 'war of extermination' in Algeria is equally detested by Tunis, Libya, Morocco, Egypt and the Sudan, and the suggestion that the Sahara might be used for French nuclear tests has now led Dr. Nkrumah to formulate something like a Monroe doctrine for Africa. This may well make the Accra conference a landmark in history. Problems for joint work after the conference may not be so easy of solution. Ghana has wisely kept on excellent terms with Israel, while Dr Fawzi, the foreign minister of the United Arab Republic, emphasises the rights of the 'Arab nation of Palestine'. There may also be a certain rivalry of leadership between

Nkrumah, President Tubman of Liberia, Bourguiba of Tunis and Haile Selassie's son from Ethiopia. In the background there is President Nasser, thinking in terms not only of his own leadership but of the Afro-Asian movement which started in Bandung. But for the time being such disagreements are not in the picture; all Africans, Arabs and Negroes alike, are united on the issue of imperialism—especially French.

### Mboya On Trial

The surprise move of the Attorney-General of Kenya in bringing charges of criminal libel and conspiracy against seven African elected members of the Legislative Council, headed by Mr Tom Mboya, is another illustration of the sharpening of the political mood throughout East and Central Africa. Mr Mboya and his colleagues are trying to 'discipline' their fellow Africans into boycotting the elections to the new aldermanic bench of members elected by Legco sitting as an electoral college. While Mr Lennox Boyd justifies these elections as an advance towards the principle of the common roll, Mr Mboya retorts that to launch the common roll on the basis of a qualified franchise for Africans only is to entrench their voting inferiority. And he points to the experience of Central African Federation, 'where' he justifiably complains, 'a qualitative franchise has been operated to the detriment of African political development'. The exact charges against him and his colleagues are not yet known, but they appear to be based on a statement they issued on 25 March threatening an 'economic, social and political boycott' of any 'traitors' who agree to run for the African seats on the aldermanic bench. Whatever the outcome of this case, which is now *sub judice*, it emphasises the urgent need for a more understanding approach. The pull of Ghana on African imagination is growing and they contrast it daily with the slow pace of African advance under so-called 'partnership'. It is all the more tragic, therefore, that the Governor of Northern Rhodesia should have thrown away an opportunity in his new constitutional proposals of winning African trust. The proposals reject even the moderate pleas of the African representative council while heavily favouring the views of the United Federal Party. Fortunately, in its recent statement on Central African Federation, the Labour Party has come out openly behind the proposals of the African representative council.

# News from Our Own Correspondents

## Paris

### Félix Infelix

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* The ignominious collapse of Félix Gaillard's ramshackle coalition could have surprised nobody who took the trouble to listen to Tuesday's debate. Gaillard had a perfectly straightforward and convincing case to present to the deputies—had he chosen to do so. The six-week Franco-Tunisian crisis was directly precipitated by the indefensible bombing of Sakiet, and it was not unnatural, therefore, that the Anglo-US Good Offices team should have come to conclusions which tend to favour Tunisia more than France. They failed to persuade Bourguiba to agree to a neutral inspection team, at any rate on Tunisia's side of the frontier, and it does not seem that they pressed him particularly hard since they knew perfectly well he was not in a position to accept. Equally, they could hardly have refused to recommend the evacuation of the French bases, with the exception of Bizerta. Gaillard could have told the deputies that, while he disagreed with the Good Office team's findings, he had no alternative but to accept them: for last Thursday, Eisenhower had sent him a private, but strongly worded, letter warning him that refusal would force the US to withdraw all diplomatic support from France. He could, therefore, have pointed out that there was no alternative whatsoever to his government's policy, barring naked military adventure.

But he did not do this. First of all, in his desire to appease the right, he promised to intensify the military effort in Algeria next month. This, as he should have known, cut no ice with Jacques Soustelle and his friends, who are clamouring for instant 'Commando raids' over the Tunisian border. But it made it inevitable that the left-wing Radicals – Mendès-France, Mitterrand and their friends – who might otherwise have abstained or even supported him, voted against. Secondly, by engaging in an acrimonious verbal duel with M. Pinay, he forced him also, much against his will, to vote against. Gaillard's tactics should have been to drive a wedge between Pinay and the 'responsible' right-wing leadership, and their rank-and-file followers. This might well have saved the government; and it would at least have had the negative virtue of designating a natural successor. For Pinay would then have been in a position to re-create the old Gaillard coalition, under nominal right-wing leadership, but with roughly the same policy. And this could probably have been achieved within a few days. As it is, by forcing Pinay to vote against him, Gaillard has probably put him out of the running, and the crisis, therefore, seems virtually certain to be protracted.

Logically, President Coty should try a right-wing leader first, with the odds, by a stroke of irony, favouring Bidault. The ageing and bitter MRP leader, who used to be so agile at dancing to America's tune, is now favoured on the right because of his anti-Americanism; but for exactly the same reason he lacks support in his own party, without which no coalition – and above all no right-centre one – can be assembled. The chances are, therefore, that eventually the wheel will come full circle and that France will once more get a Radical or USDR premier, with the betting heavily on Réné Pleven. And a right-wing *coup d'état*? Not yet, think most observers; but the classical elements of a revolutionary situation are being rapidly assembled.

## Beirut

### Plots and Money

*A Correspondent in Beirut writes:* When Colonel Sarraj first accused King Saud of having bribed him to arrange the assassination of President Nasser and carry out a *coup d'état* to prevent the union of Egypt and Syria, many people in the Middle East as well as in the West refused to believe it could be true. The whole affair was too bare-faced and hazardous, and why should the Saudis pick on Sarraj of all people?

Today there is scarcely anyone who does not believe the plot existed though they may dispute some of the details of the Syrian version. In actual fact a study of Saudi behaviour over the past few years shows that neither the plot nor the choice of Sarraj was in the least unlikely. It is very probable that either King Saud or his advisers had sent money to Sarraj on previous occasions to prevent the union of Syria and Iraq at a time when this was a real possibility. It is well-known that the Saudis for long subsidised the left-wing press in Damascus to insure that it maintained an anti-Hashemite line. King Saud and his advisers were convinced that they could do anything with money, and indeed it has often done wonders in Syria and Jordan.

With Prince Feisal now in possession of full powers in Saudi Arabia everyone here is waiting to see what will happen next. The almost complete absence of reliable news from Saudi Arabia only increases the rumours. So far the Egyptian and Syrian press has concentrated its attacks on the two senior of the King's advisers, Yussuf Yasin and Jamal al-Husaini. No one would be surprised to see them arriving for an extended stay in the Lebanon, but their difficulty is that much of their considerable wealth is in Saudi Arabia and it is reported that Prince Feisal has refused to allow them to take any of it out of the country. Muhammad Surur al-Sabban, the Minister of Finance and National Economy, is now in Geneva and claims to be too ill to talk to reporters. A former slave with much ability, he was quite powerless to do the one thing which any Saudi Finance Minister must do, which is to curb the spending of the Royal Princes. He will certainly be dismissed if he has not been so already. Feisal's own son, Abdullah, the Minister of the Interior, left Saudi Arabia for Europe just before Sarraj made his charges. He was either banished or left in disgust but he has now gone back and will either return to his post or be promoted. He is believed to be highly intelligent. Abdullah al-Tariki, the Director of Petroleum and Mineral Affairs, who is constantly harassing and chivying Aramco with new suggestions, will quite probably be given a ministerial post, for Prince Feisal is known to think highly of him.

A great many questions remain to be answered. Will the oil workers be allowed to form proper trade unions? What will happen to Ibn Jiluwi, the cruel and hated Governor of the Eastern Province? Will there be realistic state budgets and a small measure of press freedom? It is clear that the Egyptian propaganda machine is not going to rest on its laurels, and once the Saudi people have seen a little reform they are going to want more. Although the State Department has to affect to be unperturbed it must be worried about Dhahran. Wild rumours are flying around the air base about an evacuation, but there is little likelihood of the US Air Force being ejected, because then Aramco would probably have to go too. There is, however, the possibility that King Saud signed some secret clauses with the US which only he and his advisers knew about. The Editor of *Al-Ahram*, Muhammad Haikal, who is a close friend of Nasser and is known to reflect his views, has written a series of articles on the subject. He says that when the negotiations for the renewal of the lease of the air base began in Saudi Arabia, Prince Feisal wanted the rent of $500 million for five years to be paid to the Saudi Government in cash and for the air base to be limited solely to the use of civil aircraft. The US Ambassador then appealed to the King, who overruled his brother. Shortly afterwards, in February 1957, King Saud went to the US and arranged for half the $500 million

to be paid into his personal account. Of the rest, $5 million a year was to go to the Saudi Government and the remaining $45 million a year to be spent on the US military mission and the purchase of arms for the Saudi Army. Haikal said that the King deposited his $250 million in a West German bank when he went to Baden Baden in September. It is likely that these figures were told to President Nasser by Prince Feisal during his lengthy visit to Cairo in January 1958.

Feisal has got to try to do two things which are interrelated. One is to reform the administration and finances at home and the other is to raise Saudi prestige abroad. He may try to do something about both Buraimi and the Gulf of Aqaba instead of merely boasting and threatening as his brother did. One of the most important questions for him to decide is whether to continue the subsidy to Jordan.

## New York

### Slump Scapegoat

Overnight, Detroit has become a Mecca for the sociologists, economists and feature writers of the country, all bursting with explanations for the city's sudden transition from Motor Metropolis to Capital of the Recession. Reporters scour the town, consciously comparing what they see with everything they have read and heard about the depression of the Thirties – the sale of day-old bread, reduced in price, in the groceries; union delegations bearing petitions to the legislature; lines of applicants for the most menial political jobs, and the like. While the explanations for the swift decline vary, the choice of the automobile manufacturer as chief devil in the piece finds a surprising amount of agreement. For the first time the blame for a serious slump in the economy is popularly visited not on the eastern manipulators of money, but on the midwestern makers of things; not on the Wall Street bankers whom Henry Ford so despised, but on the industrial heirs of Ford himself.

The auto-makers' fall from grace is most clearly expressed by President Eisenhower's abrupt change of attitude. For years General Motors was at least an ideological power in his administration, embodied in the ebullient person of Defence Secretary Charles Wilson. What was good for General Motors, Wilson believed, was good for the country, and that sentiment did nothing to shake the awe and confidence with which the President looked upon him. At his latest press conference, however, Mr Eisenhower spoke in disillusion. 'I personally think our people are being just a little bit disenchanted by a few items that have been chucked down their throats, and they are getting tired of them,' he said. 'I think it would be a very good thing when the manufacturers wake up – and I am not going to name names – and begin to give the things we want instead of the things they think we want.'

While Mr Eisenhower did not pinpoint the indictment, few in Washington could have imagined that he had shoes or ships or sealing wax in mind, and for the benefit of those few, Press Secretary Hagerty came a little closer to identifying the target. He had been swamped, he said, with questions as to whether the President specifically meant the auto manufacturers. 'If they feel he referred to them,' said Hagerty, 'it might do some good, and if they don't think so, my saying so won't do any good.'

In any case, there is reason to believe that the President shares the widely prevalent view that Detroit has misjudged the capacity of the public to be led on by its intrinsically senseless annual style changes. The elongation of cars, the monstrous piling up of chrome on chrome, the multiplication of tail lights, gadgets, and colours – all were designed to convey social status. But when this doubtful beauty became so commonplace that any busy thoroughfare looked like a gangster's funeral, the status symbol evaporated, leaving the owner with a costly, space-consuming, needlessly high-powered monster. Tired of the silly game, he stopped matching tail-fins with his neighbour, and Detroit let out the slow leak heard round the world.

While no serious economist suggests that this is the only factor in the recession, none denies that it has been a major factor, and probably the precipitating one. With car assembly lines running in low gear, there is no incentive to speed up steel production – steel plants are now running at half their capacity – and auto parts and tyre factories are similarly affected. Should things get worse and the search for a scapegoat grow more intense, the Detroit gadgeteers, erstwhile captains of the American Way, will be uncomfortably available for the role.

ROBERT BENDINER

## Westminster

### Mountainous Mice

At least Mr Heathcoat Amory *did* make two innovations in the dreary ritual of Budget Day. He set out from the Treasury instead of from Number 11, Downing Street; and he arrived late in the House of Commons. When the minute finger of the clock had left twenty-five past and there was still no Chancellor, Mr Edward Heath, the Chief Whip, abandoned his habitual posture of comfortable benevolence and levered himself erect. When, a minute later, Heath shot off behind the Speaker's chair, quivering like a jelly, even the House, which for the past hour had been paying attention to nothing, suddenly sat up, looking like a slate club whose treasurer is overdue. Had someone snatched the Gladstone bag? But it was all right; for there at last was the Chancellor edging his way along the Front Bench and a moment later there he was on his feet at the Dispatch Box.

That was the end of innovation. Outside the House, the Chancellor had posed with the same ghastly smile for the same ghastly picture; and inside it he made a speech packed with the same padding which has served his predecessors for a century. No wonder that he should himself describe listening to a budget speech as one of the most severe of the annual austerities that MPs lay on themselves, or that he should compare the speech to a famous violin solo. 'A difficult piece to render, that,' one listener had said to Dr Johnson. 'Difficult do you call it, Sir?' said Johnson. 'I wish it were impossible.' So do I.

The speech begins at half-past three. Because years ago, the Stock Exchange did not close until four, the Chancellor never says anything of importance until half-past four lest some City slicker should take quick advantage of it. Even today, when the Stock Exchange closes at three and when, if one wanted to be really cautious, one could close it altogether on Budget Day, the Chancellor solemnly ploughs through sets of figures which have all been published previously and the House, packed to the point of acute discomfort, squirms and turns in fretful sleeplessness. During this time-killing period, Amory stirred interest only once. That was when he permitted himself to begin a sentence with the phrase: 'The past six months or so has seen

a significant change in the temper of public opinion. . . .' The by-election conscious House roared approval at him before he had time to add the concluding words '. . . on economic matters'.

Then, at last, with a glance at the clock to make sure that all City slickers were now on their way to Gerrards Cross, he came to the point of his speech and the House became intent. But within a minute or two the intentness had gone again for the first proposals for taxation changes were so trivial. When with intense solemnity he said . . . 'and this change will cost the revenue £100,000 in a full year' one of the ruder members actually whistled at such open-handedness. The Chancellor tried to retrieve matters by injecting passion into a declaration that he intended to help would-be house owners. This earned him a loud Tory cheer; but when he announced the actual proposal – a small cut in stamp duty – there were no cheers, but only muttered comparisons between mountains and mice. His three major proposals – on entertainments tax, purchase tax and profits tax – produced much more stir. The first two were acceptable to everyone, though the cinema interests had hoped for total abolition of entertainments tax; but as Mr Hugh Gaitskell showed, the profits tax proposal was unacceptable to the opposition and is likely to become more so in the future.

But the real complaint against this Budget was not so much for what it contained as for what it omitted. The Budget in fact was so negative that there was immediate speculation about another budget in the autumn. That, too, has become almost ritual under Tory governments. Whether or not that ritual is preserved, the ritual of taking 103 minutes to make a speech which could be got through effectively in a mere 20 should go.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

# Fleet Street

### Randolph's Gathering Storm

Mr Randolph Churchill, whose earlier public quarrel with the *Evening Standard* has now ended in a love feast – Mr Percy Elland, the *Standard's* editor, must be a very magnanimous man, or perhaps it was Lord Beaverbrook's famous touch that healed the wounds – is well known for the vigour with which he smites the sensational and irresponsible in such sections of the popular press as incur his easily aroused displeasure. In the light of such matters some of his own recent journalistic activities in the *Evening Standard* would seem worthy of comment. The news that the Railway Staff National Tribunal had rejected the railwaymen's wage claim by a majority vote naturally provided the main news in the next morning's papers. None of them attempted to disguise the seriousness of the situation, or the bitterness caused among the railway unions by the tribunal's report, and the fact that the London bus men might strike on 5 May. But practically all of them stressed also the unions' desire to find a way to further negotiation and the union leaders' desire to avoid a strike if at all possible. 'Stop-The-Lot Threat' reported the *Express*, but added 'Disgust and Concern But Happy To Talk'. 'Showdown Talks Begin! Railmen Angry, But Strike Line-Up Will Not Be Easy', said the *Mail*. The *Herald*, with a seven column leader across the top of the page 'What a Damn Silly Way To Run a Railway' urged the government and the Transport Commission to take account of the Cameron inquiry's 'fair wages' ruling in 1955, and concluded: '*They* Can Avert A Strike'. The *Manchester Guardian*, while stating that rejection of the rail claim might make a stoppage hard to avoid, put as its main headline 'Transport Strike Not Inevitable'. *The Times*, headlining 'Railway Unions Prepare For Fight On Pay', made it clear that before doing anything else the unions would make an approach to the Transport Commission for further discussions. The *Mirror* demanded in black type: 'Both Sides Must Keep Calm.' 'It would', it continued, 'invite disaster if threats were made, hot words spoken and attitudes adopted that make a head-on clash inevitable.' Even the *Sketch*, not much of a paper for calm and conciliation in the normal way of things, carried as its main front page headline 'Can I Stop Rail Strike', and opened its report 'Sid Green, new NUR boss in place of Big Jim Campbell, said last night "I will try everything to avoid a railway strike".'

But down in Suffolk Mr Randolph Churchill had spent an active and imaginative night. When the early afternoon papers hit the streets he was found to have teamed up with George Hutchinson, the *Evening Standard's* industrial correspondent (who had his fellow industrial reporters' sympathy in what must be a trying experience!) to produce a story to which Mr Hutchinson's contribution seems to have been small and restricted (confined, one suspects, to the one or two actual facts). This story opened 'A General Strike – A General Election. That is the pattern of political events suggested today if the railwaymen, indignant over the rejection of their pay claim, are now tempted to strike.' A rail strike, Mr Churchill went on to prophesy, would inevitably bring out other unions in sympathy and 'we would be back in 1926, the year of the last general strike. The unions know this. So does the government. And it is quite certain the government will not give in'.

Having gone so far Mr Churchill and Mr Hutchinson (or perhaps just Mr Churchill) decided to go further. Mr Macmillan and his ministers 'don't', they explained, 'give a damn about Thorneycroft or Torrington or Lady Violet Bonham Carter. . . . But if Mr Bevan and Mr Gaitskell or Mr Michael Foot, or whoever happens to be running the Socialist Party at the time, were to make a miscalculation and were to encourage a general strike, Mr Macmillan might advise the Queen to dissolve parliament and have a general election right away.' So to the final hopeful conclusion: 'Nearly all objective observers of British politics are pretty sure that if an election were to be held on the issue of a general strike, the Tories would get back again.'

To this dubious piece, the *Evening Standard*, currently reported to be a little shaken after Lord Beaverbrook's decision to put the heat on it during his recent visit to London, accorded the honour of the front page lead in all editions. It would seem worthy of the attention of Mr Churchill in his other capacity as a scourge of the press and defender of the higher standards of journalism. He would need to look a long time before finding a better example of the attempted smear than the passage suggesting that the Labour Party might be ready to encourage a general strike for political reasons. Not, one suspects, that the story – designed though it seems to have been to rouse as many passions as possible – actually did much harm. We are all too much aware of Randolph's little ways. But as a demonstration of journalistic ethics in a critical national situation it has its place on the record.

Next day Mr Churchill, helped by Mr George Hutchinson, of course, devoted himself to an imaginary conversation with Mr Macmillan, on whose thought processes he may possibly be a greater authority than on some other matters.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

# The Test Scandal

THE attempt of western governments – vociferously assisted by their paid scientific advisers —to mislead the public about the problem of monitoring nuclear tests is now approaching the dimensions of a scandal. During the past two years, both the British and the US governments have repeatedly and emphatically declared that tests are not self-policing, and that Russia is capable of developing nuclear weapons in secrecy. Dr Teller, the most influential scientific adviser to the American government, has gone even further. 'I believe', he told a US TV audience recently, 'that disarmament is a lost cause'. In articles published in *Foreign Affairs* (February), and *Life* (January), he stated, without qualification, that a ban on tests could be evaded in secret and that even monitoring stations distributed over Soviet territory would give no firm guarantee that Russia was not continuing tests. And it was Dr Teller's advice which persuaded Eisenhower – despite the protests of Mr Stassen – to reject the Soviet proposal of 14 June 1957, for a ban on tests 'to be implemented by scientific control posts to be set up in the US, USSR, UK and Pacific Ocean Areas'.

There is evidence that, at one stage, Teller really believed what he said. As late as last September, he personally supervised the explosion of the so-called 'Rainier' device – of 1.7 kilotons – at the Nevada proving-grounds, in a highly-publicised attempt to prove that the detection-radius of small, underground explosions was limited. But it was at this point that the process of deliberate deception began. After the test, the Atomic Energy Commission, instead of publishing the results, remained significantly silent. Only last month, under pressure from Congress and scientific organisations, did the AEC make a statement. It then claimed that the explosion had only been detected in Los Angeles, a mere 250 miles away. This was soon denied by a number of widely-scattered scientific establishments, and it then emerged that 'Rainier' had been detected by seismographs as far away as Alaska. Reluctantly, this month, the AEC admitted that the 250-mile claim had been 'an inadvertent error'. In short, the AEC had possessed the information for months, and it was certainly known to Dr Teller when he wrote his articles.

Since the 'Rainier' experiment, further and even more conclusive evidence has come to light. A Canadian chemical (i.e., conventional) explosion, which was held earlier this month to clear a shipping channel near Vancouver, was recorded in Eureka, Nevada, over 750 miles away; it was of a magnitude of a mere 1.3 kilotons. Even more astonishing was the announcement last week-end, by Senator Humphrey, Chairman of the Senate Disarmament Sub-Committee, that a Soviet chemical explosion held on 25 March in the Urals, of a magnitude of 3.4 kilotons, was recorded in Nevada, 5,600 miles away, as well as in Sweden and India. (For purposes of comparison, the Hiroshima bomb was 20 kilotons – 20,000 tons of TNT.) It is significant that Humphrey made this disclosure only after the AEC had turned down his request to give him details of their analysis of the recent Soviet test-series, on the specious grounds that this would supply Russia with classified information about US detection techniques. Humphrey declared himself dissatisfied with this reply, and is now collecting his own information 'so that the American people can know the facts of inspection systems to verify a suspension of weapons tests'.

In the past, these systems have been shrouded in secrecy. But the veil is being slowly lifted. The March number of the *US Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* carries the first authoritative and non-classified survey of detection techniques. Its author is Dr Jay Orear, a physicist at Columbia University, who for the past year has been a member of the Columbia Inspection Project, a private, non-classified study of disarmament techniques. According to Dr Orear, four complementary detection systems can be employed: measurement of acoustic waves, seismic waves, electromagnetic radiation and radioactivity. In the first case, microbarometers can be used to measure the kinetic energy of the air molecules, which is generated by nuclear explosions and travels at the speed of sound. This system can detect tests 'at very large distances' unless they are of sub-nominal yield or are held deep underground or at very high altitudes. Low-yield tests might require monitoring stations within the Soviet Union; and Orear calculates that 22 stations, with a 300-mile radius, would be adequate.

The seismic system, says Orear, can detect tests of the minimal magnitude: a chemical explosion of a mere 0.06 kilotons has been detected 240 miles away. Hence a 22 or 25 station-system in Russia would guarantee detection of even the smallest-yield tests. The new high altitude tests, Orear goes on, can be detected by measuring electromagnetic radiation: by pointing a photocell at the sky, visible light generated by even small nuclear explosions can be measured easily up to distances of 300 miles; and this technique can be employed irrespective of the visibility or time of day. Finally, Orear rejects the Administration contention that techniques for detecting radioactivity will become obsolete as the bomb becomes progressively 'cleaner'. Even in the 'cleanest' bombs, he states, neutron-induced activity in the bomb shell and atmosphere will continue to produce a minimum of 1 per cent. fission content, and radioactivity tests will therefore remain a useful auxiliary in detecting all but very deep underground explosions.

A combination of these four techniques, states Orear, effectively ensures that no weapon development programme can be carried on in secret:

> Although sub-nominal tests of low-fission yield and deep underground tests could possibly escape detection, a test-ban agreement which could be checked only by outside monitoring still would fulfill many of its purposes. . . . Even those tests which could escape outside detection could be detected if only about 25 ground monitoring stations could be uniformly distributed over the Soviet Union.

Theoretically, adds Orear, it is possible to construct a nuclear 'bomb' with a yield as small as that of a firecracker, and therefore government scientists who have testified that undetectable tests are feasible are not, in the strict technical sense, lying. But he describes such statements as 'highly misleading'.

In short, it is perfectly clear that the western governments are opposed to a controlled test ban for purely military reasons. Indeed, even Dr Teller has now been forced to crawl out from behind his 'scientific' smokescreen. Last month, he admitted in the course of a TV interview: 'I am not scientifically sure, but I am humanly sure – and let us not forget the importance of common sense, please – that in this the dice would be loaded in favour of the bootlegger'. The plain fact is that the US military authorities are determined, come what may, to go ahead with their current testing programme. Until the new series is over, they will not accept any Soviet offer, no matter in what terms it is made. But the bare-faced hypocrisy with which they have attempted to conceal their military *realpolitik*, and which has now been devastatingly exposed, is a serious tactical error. For some time, public confidence in the professional integrity of government scientists has been waning; it has now vanished completely.

# Steel and the Nation

THE case for public ownership of the steel industry has one important argument in common with other nationalisation proposals – the importance to the economy of an adequate and reasonably priced supply of an essential commodity. The industry's strategic importance in state planning for industrial growth is properly recognised, even under Mr Macmillan's government, by the transfer of the remaining powers of control to the Ministry of Power. Yet there are differences between steel and other industries which are important. Only in the case of steel has the Labour movement sought to bring into public ownership an industry dominated by the large-scale combines typical of modern industrial capitalism. In other cases, nationalisation was advocated in the name of co-ordination and the establishment of industry-wide services; in steel, such co-ordination exists in the shape of the British Iron and Steel Federation – the most formidable industrial power group in Britain. Is this centralised power to be made socially responsible and subordinated to national needs?

The Federation's Executive is at once the instrument of the most powerful steel combines and the main organiser of resistance to nationalisation. This resistance, since the war, has taken every form from public relations campaigns to direct resistance to the transfer of control during the last year of the Labour government, when it succeeded in frustrating the intentions and the enactments of the government. Currently, firms whose combined profits are several hundred times the annual income of the Labour Party are engaged in a propaganda campaign of unprecedented scale. The techniques may be melodramatic, such as the Colvilles' advertisement, which runs in part: 'In the minds of the Labour leaders this great industry is regarded as a pawn in an internal struggle for political leadership. . . . A policy of further nationalisation might so turn other countries' sentiment against us that grave financial disturbance could be caused . . . no difference between [nationalisation] and the practice of Communism in Soviet Russia'. Or one may turn to the bland public relations approach: 'Steel is serving the nation well'. As a variant, Stewarts and Lloyds advertise in steel producing areas urging workers, 'particularly those who support the Labour Party', to press within it for a change of policy.

Why nationalise? Apart from the general importance of ensuring that decision-taking in an industry vital for economic development is responsive to national needs and publicly accountable, three particular reasons need stressing. They are, first, the industry's failings in post-war development; secondly, the very high cost to the community of inflating profit margins to cajole the industry into a more adequate rate of expansion; and, finally, one must ask how effective public control might eliminate the irrationalities and waste inherent in the present company structure and thereby promote efficiency.

For the nation, adequate modern capacity in iron and steel is necessary. Steel supplies should be big enough to permit an expansion of home industrial output; they should also contribute to our balance of payments (higher steel exports, lower imports, more use of home ore). Modern plant is also needed to achieve low-cost production. Whether steel capacity is adequate depends on the estimates of these three factors made when development plans are drawn up. Yet, in its post-war 'planning' the steel industry has not only consistently underestimated the rise in home demand for steel; it has further restricted the growth of steel capacity because it has not attempted to expand capacity for export. The results have been most damaging, particularly to the national balance of payments. For instance, in 1955 this was at least £100 million worse than it would have been had steel capacity been adequate.

This failure to expand exports has not been the only factor adversely affecting our balance of payments. Home ore producers have strongly resisted a higher extraction rate which would enable the industry to economise on imported ore. The whole series of Iron and Steel Board reports illustrates again and again the restrictive attitude of this group of producers – and the near helplessness of a 'public control board' which lacks positive powers over development. In the 1945 plan, for instance, Stewarts and Lloyds and United Steel committed themselves to build a new integrated steel plant on the home ore fields, but this project has been put off for twenty years by these companies – they will not even now give the Iron and Steel Board an unambiguous assurance that they will proceed with such a plant in the mid-1960s!

Even with exports curtailed, and on occasion industrial production at home held back (e.g., shipbuilding plates), steel output has only been sustained by keeping obsolete plant in use. An ISB survey showed that in 1955 the proportion of output coming from obsolete plant was between one-fifth and one-half in different product groups. At the same time, the industry drags its feet on the introduction of new processes such as continuous casting. Although home ore can be used with maximum efficiency only if 'sintered', no more than one-third was sintered as late as 1956. The lag of steel capacity behind the needs of the nation is indicated by the fact that it is only recently, two years after industrial production in Britain has levelled off, that steel output has become adequate for our economy; the fall in home demand has permitted some improvement in exports and the retirement of certain obsolete plant. In short, the post-war gap between steel production and demand has been bridged merely because the government has created industrial stagnation.

The restrictiveness of the steel industrialists is partly a hang-over from pre-war fears of surplus capacity, a disbelief in the prospects of sustained growth of steel requirements. They have also been reluctant to face the high capital costs of modern integrated plants, and they have insisted on a price-fixing system that yields a substantial margin above costs even on obsolete plant: high profits have been made with least effort in the sellers' market provided by steel shortages – a much easier course for them than the more difficult and risky search for new export markets. The contraction of capital investment in steel after denationalisation is evidence both of the natural bent of the steel-masters and of the fact that it is

de-nationalisation that is unsettling to growth. National income data on 'capital formation' show that not until 1956 did fixed capital investment (at constant prices) per ton of steel output recover the level of 1950-51. The Iron and Steel Board, lacking positive powers of direction over development, could only lead the BISF back to a higher rate of investment by the inflation of profit margins.

Since 1955 – despite the government's alleged policy of securing price stability – there has been an increase of 30 per cent. in steel prices – thus adding some £250 million a year to production costs in British industry. The current reduction of steel prices of just over one per cent., which reflects lowered costs of imported materials, only reduces the burden of higher steel prices by £10m. This is a mere token. As the chairman of the Shipbuilding Conference commented: 'During the past six years alone the price of shipbuilding steel has more than doubled'. The increase in steel production costs only justifies about half of the increased cost passed on to manufacturing and other industries since 1955. The ISB in 1955 explained its 'upward revision of profit margins' as designed to 'bring them in line with the heavy capital investment programme on which the industry has embarked'. The *Economist's* analyses of company profits show that, in steel, profits per ton increased by 40 per cent. in 1954-55. As a result of further inflation of profit margins by the ISB, recent company reports of the big steel combines show a further increase in profits per ton of 15 per cent. in 1957 and these do not yet fully reflect the benefits of the latest price increases. This is a potent source of cost inflation, directly adding to the difficulties of British industry and exports.

Public ownership would make it possible to ensure that development takes place at the rate required to meet forecasts of national requirements, without the delays and obstruction that at present flow from company vested interests (e.g., the disputed fourth strip mill). It would be able to do this without the present policy of thrusting most of the burden of increasing steel capacity on the current industrial consumer with directly inflationary consequences. In our 'cost plus' industrial system it is particularly important to improve efficiency and eliminate profit making in the production of basic supply materials, if the whole structure of industrial costs is not to be inflated.

There are two levels of organisation in steel, the companies and the BISF. The Labour government paid the penalty last time of 'forgetting' the BISF in the legislation transferring the big companies to public ownership. It would be disastrous to repeat this mistake; this is the nucleus of power, and it controls a number of important services for the steel industry which should not be disrupted. A possible solution is to transform the BISF into a public control board, which would also run the existing network of services to the industry. The executive committee which directs its work would, however, be appointed by the government, and it should include representatives of consuming industries and trade unions, as well as ministry nominees and representatives both from the publicly owned steel companies and those privately owned companies that would remain, particularly in the finishing trades. The Iron and Steel Board's functions and personnel could usefully be incorporated in such a body. Both development and pricing could be subject to ministerial directive if the minister disagreed with the control board's views; the chance of ensuring adequate development would depend on public ownership of the major steel producers.

The corporation set up to administer the publicly owned companies could thus concentrate on improving their organisation and efficiency. The need to preserve trade identity applies more to plants than to companies, and it cannot be used as an argument to preclude review of the company structure which has been created over the years by attempts to secure raw material supplies, or manufacturing outlets, or to spread risks. Steel company structure affords many examples of dis-economies, particularly the lack of local co-ordination between neighbouring steel plants (although integration offers considerable savings), and irrational connections between plants far removed from one another, involving uneconomic hauls. Normally, higher management is remote from the plant. Public ownership would offer opportunities to strengthen the share of operational management in the direction of companies, while removing the 'power' directors (for instance United Steel's Board has the chairmen of three other steel combines on it) and those whose elevation is due to nepotism. Such basic structural changes will require both careful investigation and time to carry them through. Equally, it would be important to give the proposed control board time to consolidate. These, and the experience of last time, are reasons for tackling steel early in the life of the next Labour government. If that is done, effective public control can be assured in an industry whose past record and future needs indicate the vital importance of public ownership and control for the well-being of the entire economy.

JOHN HUGHES

# London Diary

ABOVE, great flocks of pigeons, disturbed by the booming of the loudspeakers, wheeled round and round Nelson's Column. A military band, celebrating some ex-servicemen's anniversary, bumbled away in the middle distance. The bright sun and the cold wind played on the familiar figures of Hugh Gaitskell and Nye Bevan on the platform, on the men in leather jackets hawking the *Daily Worker*, Mosley's *Action* and all the library of H-bomb pamphlets. A huge crowd listened, I thought rather listlessly, as the statesmanlike voices droned on. 'Labour stands for . . . We say to Mr Macmillan. . . The future of humanity. . .' The suspension of tests (to be resumed if this moral lead failed) was the one item of positive policy that distinguished the Labour message. That the speeches were likely to have disappointed a gathering of people who hoped – perhaps foolishly – to be inspired with a programme in the campaign against nuclear destruction can be gathered from the commendation of the political correspondent of *The Times*, who said that 'at any rate, in all their demagogy they spoke responsibly, as leaders of an alternative government should'. That about described it. The less statesmanlike men of Aldermaston, kept well in the rear behind a faithful throng of supporters near the plinth, looked on impassively, holding aloft their tattered banners. Most of the newspapers voted this, Labour's first big end-the-tests demonstration, a success. In terms of votes they may well have been right. But the speeches seemed directed not so much at ending tests as at unity in the Labour Party. It would have been more appropriate if the speakers had faced the crowd on the other side of the Column, so that their gaze would have rested on the entrance to Downing Street.

* * *

If the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has not yet succeeded in making the H-bomb a political issue, it is because Labour leaders have failed to convince people that their policy in office will be sharply different from Tory policy. But it has made everyone think and talk about nuclear suicide. Because of the Campaign Labour has to have its own party campaign, and TV, the greatest of mass-media, has responded to the public mood by explaining the issues, instead of making propaganda out of them as most newspapers do. The Gallup Poll, reported in the *News Chronicle* last Monday, showed a great majority against arming Dr Adenauer's Germans, a small majority in favour of following the Russians in abandoning H-bomb tests, a strong disapproval of unilaterally giving up the H-bomb and an overwhelming majority in favour of Summit talks. A significant fact is that there has been almost no hostility to the Campaign. Some newspapers have pretended that it is confined to the pacifists. A few have even suggested it has a Communist flavour – which is so obviously untrue that few people are deceived. Propaganda about the Aldermaston march ending in 'violence' has annoyed thousands. One daily paper has had to have specially printed forms to answer the many correspondents who were outraged by its misrepresentation of the trivial scuffle when onlookers pushed aside a heckler's car that tried to block the way into the field where the final demonstration was to be held. Ever since the demonstration, volunteers have kept night and day vigil at Aldermaston in three-hour shifts. I learn that they are on excellent terms with the police, the security guards and the workers at Aldermaston. They have proved that they are not cranks, but people responsibly concerned to do something about the only political issue that really matters in our day. A touch of humour was added by a local vicar who asked some of these demonstrators to tea in order, it seems, to prove to them on scriptural authority that the bomb is an instrument of divine justice to be used not as our rulers desire, but as God wills.

* * *

Perhaps the TV programme from Brussels on Thursday morning – is ITV using this as a try-out for the breakfast audience? – has made people

realise that there is a huge exhibition in Brussels this year. So far, it's had surprisingly little publicity here, though it will be the biggest thing of its kind since the jamboree in New York 19 years ago. There is, of course, a British pavilion, though apart from Canada we are the only Commonwealth country on view. I'm hoping that we are doing better than we did in Paris in 1937, when the British display forgot the existence of the Empire and presented an England without a factory chimney, an England of idyllic villages, tennis, golf, and, of course, Mr Chamberlain fishing in rubber boots. We have at least called on some of the architects and designers who made such a success of the South Bank, even if we are not trying to make as big a splash as the French, the Russians and the Americans. One of the oddest stories about the exhibition is that Andorra decided to have a pavilion, and when the French heard this – they still share control of Andorra with a Spanish bishop – they told the Andorrans that they couldn't have an independent show. Andorra went ahead. Then the French told the Andorrans that they couldn't move their exhibits across France. Andorra devised another route through Spain. This sent the French into a fury, and they threatened to cut off Andorra's electricity supply. That did it. Andorra has had to turn its pavilion over to San Marino.

* * *

Because Mr Denis Eaden was an independent member of the West Riding County Council three years ago, both the Labour Party and the Conservative Party, which had just won control, ignored him. Since neither party would give up a seat for him on any committee, he worked in splendid isolation. As a result of this year's election, Labour has become the largest party with 48 seats. The Conservatives have 47 seats. But there is still one independent – still Mr Denis Eaden. If Mr Eaden votes with the Conservatives, they will continue in control. If he votes with Labour, Labour will again acquire control. Mr Eaden, who declares that at heart he is a Socialist, affects to be puzzled by the sudden interest which the two parties are now taking in him and by the solicitude which they are showing about his views. But the delight of those who have no strict affiliation to the party machines is wholly unaffected. One solution, I suggest, would be for Labour to get out of its embarrassment by offering to make Mr Eaden chairman of the Council.

* * *

I was deeply grieved to hear of the death of Charles Peake, whom I first knew as head of the Foreign Office press department. He had qualities of understanding and sympathy rarely found in such official positions. We had more in common than outsiders would have guessed. He was a strong Anglo-Catholic, whom I met on occasion listening to Conrad Noel's Socialist sermons in Thaxted church. At heart I would say he was a survivor of 19th century Christian Socialism. He was a delightful companion, witty, talkative and discreetly indiscreet. The last time we talked was when he was Ambassador in Athens. For one afternoon at least we ceased to discuss Cyprus and the intransigence of governments; the picnic party (which included, I recall, Osbert Lancaster) was in a lovely valley where the ruins of an ancient civilisation were lovely enough to enable us to forget the new ruins we are making today.

* * *

The Wolfenden Committee, it will be remembered, was handicapped by the refusal of prostitutes to give evidence. A friend of mine, who was told of this difficulty while the Committee was sitting, offered to help. He asked a very mature tart of his acquaintance if she would do something for him. 'Of course, lovey,' she said, 'anything you like.' 'I want you,' he said, 'to appear before a Royal Commission.' 'Of course I will, dearie,' she said, 'and please tell His Royal Highness that I won't charge a penny.'

CRITIC

## This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

I knew a woman who named her son Gabriel, but she always called him Sidney. It was not until he left school that he discovered his real name. He was so embarrassed by it that he refused to show his birth certificate to anyone, refused to work and drifted into a life of crime.—Letter in *Daily Herald*. (E. G. Dennis.)

Sir,—It is difficult to understand why Independent Liberals should pretend indignation at candidates who stand with the National Liberal label. The National Liberal organisation is a separate one, and if its members decide to join in supporting Unionist candidates it is because they honestly believe that this is the best way of promoting Liberal policies. Letter in *Scotsman*. (W. P. Lavin.)

Dolls wearing mink coats are on sale in a Doncaster shop. Price: £52.—*News Chronicle*. (A. S. Reeve.)

## A Legend

They sing this lay on the Milky Way
Wherever the Saucers land
Of Earth in Spring and the curious thing
That nobody ever planned.

It all occurred (so the Martians heard)
On a calm Terrestrial morning,
The day was fine, but the 'Arctic Line'
Gave a 'Distant Early Warning'.

Then to the whole H-bomb Patrol
Of the clot they called a 'nation'
The message went that they all were sent
On Op. Obliteration.

And every son of a bitch or gun
Or even a human 'Mom'
Said either an oath or a prayer (or both)
As he thought of the nuclear bomb.

With vacuous stare the Polar bear
The seal and the Eskimo
Saw in the sky those planes go by –
But why they did not know.

'O, hold your hand, S.A.Command,'
Said Arctic Line to them,
'The Thing that flew into our view
Was no ICBM.

Turn back, turn back upon their track,
Turn back that Death Patrol –
The rocket seen on the radar screen
Was a UFO over the Pole.'

The best and worst they blessed or cursed
The ways of the Pentagon
But every plane turned back again
*Save one – and that flew on.*

... ... ...

I think no worse of the Multiverse
That Chaos gave it birth;
But we never knew what crazy crew
Made Chaos out of the Earth.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

# A Memorable Day in April

ALVAREZ DEL VAYO entered the Pfauen café in Zürich on that memorable morning in April 1917 without his accustomed ironical smile. We all knew that something was afoot.

When he told us that Lenin had just concluded a bargain with Ludendorff for Russian political exiles to pass through Germany in a sealed train, we could hardly believe our ears. However, when we learned that del Vayo had heard it from Ernst Nobs, the editor of the *Zürcher Volksrecht*, pandemonium broke out. Grumbach, the correspondent for *l'Humanité*, and Otto Pohl of the Viennese *Arbeiterzeitung* were beside themselves with anger. The forceful Grumbach inveighed against the treachery of helping the German imperialists to prolong the war; he assured all of us he would expose the whole thing in the public debate he was to have with Lenin the next evening. Our neighbours from the next table, Franz Werfel and Stefan Zweig, were expressing their fears and disapproval of Lenin; and even the habitually remote and dignified Romain Rolland, who happened to be sitting in a corner of the café with Busoni, joined in the spontaneous discussions. He thought it very wrong of Lenin to enter into an agreement with Ludendorff and expressed his concern over the repercussions this would have with the international peace movement. (Rolland later declined an invitation from Lenin to come to the station to see him off.)

That day I lunched with the Feilbogens. He was an Austrian professor of economics; she was in the habit of holding a kind of literary political salon. Next to me sat James Joyce whom I knew quite well and had visited on a number of occasions at his flat in the Seefeldstrasse. 'It's just like the Trojan Horse to me,' said Joyce, on hearing the news. 'I suppose Ludendorff must be pretty desperate. Lenin and Ludendorff?', and he smiled as if the affair was some kind of practical joke.

It seemed no laughing matter to the other guests; the French pacifist poet Jouve, his translator Felix Beran and the courageous peace champion Ragaz, professor of theology at Zürich University, became really depressed at the thought of strengthening of Germany's fighting power and the indefinite delaying of peace.

On my way to the university, I accompanied James Joyce on one of his daily routine visits to the newspaper library on the Limmatquai. Joyce told me of his being engaged in the collection of the various published reviews of his book, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. His publisher intended to bring out an anthology of them, and he asked me for a copy of the review I had written for a Dutch magazine.

I changed my mind about going to the university. I felt restless, and decided to go to the Café Odeon instead; at this time of the day, the German literary colony could usually be found there. Meanwhile, the afternoon papers were out, and it was obvious that the news had been spreading throughout this politically explosive city. The greater part of Zürich's enormous foreign minority was involved in one or other grandiose missionary scheme for the salvation of mankind, while the others occupied themselves with various forms of subversive activity designed to exploit wartime destruction, shortage and general confusion, for their own material gain.

In the Café Odeon, none of the German writers seemed to be in agreement with Lenin.

Very much to the contrary; even the leftists, Leonard Frank and Ludwig Rubiner, deplored the pact. Nothing would be more favourable to the German *Heeresleitung* than a complete disintegration of Russia. 'Lenin was a traitor', said Hugo Ball, the editor of a German pacifist magazine and, of his hearers, Klabund, Hardenkopf, Ehrenstein, Richter, Emmy Hennings and Else Lasker-Schüler, not one protested. Frank, the author of *Der Mensch ist Gut*, passed nervously through the café, buttonholing some new-comers, and Else Lasker-Schüler just sat with her great dark eyes wide open, wondering what was going to happen next; more than anything, they dreaded the thought of a German victory.

By way of contrast, the Dutch poet, Herman Gorter, was the first I met that day who thoroughly approved of Lenin's action. 'It would serve the cause of the proletarian revolution!', he argued, and excitedly told me of his intention to ask Lenin to allow him to go along.

The man I most wanted to see was Fritz Platten, the secretary of the Swiss Social Democratic Party. Platten, together with his friend, Willy Münzenberg, used to join in the evening discussions of the International Student Association, of which Fritz Lieb was chairman and I myself the secretary. Platten was an extremely agreeable fellow, a plausible and clever agitator, kind in manner and speech, an auto-didact but rather impressionable; he became completely spellbound by the intellectual domination of Lenin – more than Münzenberg who was tougher and more independent.

'Ever since the Revolution,' Platten commented as we were talking in the Volkshaus, 'the Russian comrades decided to return to Russia'. Kerensky was betraying the Revolution, and it was understandable that Lenin and his friends were anxious to be on the spot. All requests for a transit permit made by the leader of the Bolsheviks in conjunction with Martov and Martynov, executives of the Mensheviks, to the various governments of the Entente, had been refused for fear that Russia would not remain a useful ally under Lenin's influence. Platten regarded the acceptance of Ludendorff's offer as the only course open to him, under the prevailing conditions, in the interest of the Socialist revolution.

Although he had never admitted it, Platten had undoubtedly negotiated the pact with the Germans behind the back of the Mensheviks, on the instructions of Lenin himself. To make it look more like an exodus of Socialists, and not merely of Bolsheviks, Lenin allowed the Mensheviks and other political revolutionaries to join him, his wife Kupskaya, Zinoviev and Karl Radek.

Ludendorff did not, of course, make this offer for nothing. He told me in various interviews in the spring of 1919 that the political initiative for the pact had, in fact, come from von Kühlman, at the time Foreign Minister. He also said he had agreed to it, in the hope that, as a result of the subsequent debacle in Russia, he would be able to reinforce his western offensive with troops freed from the eastern front. The Bolsheviks, however, cheated him by using the peace negotiations in Brest-Litovsk as a platform for Communist propaganda. Von Kühlman was stupid enough not to have prevented Trotsky from politically corrupting the minds of the German troops and causing the collapse of the army. Ludendorff was convinced, however, that it was now the turn of the Entente to get a share of the Bolshevik menace, a conviction which gave him great satisfaction.

Platten decided to accompany the Russians as a neutral guide, although the Swiss Social Democratic Party did not approve. Nothing, however, could make Platten change his mind, just as nobody could induce Lenin to reverse his decision. The call of the Socialist revolution had been heard. Lenin and his friends were professional revolutionaries, like fanatical surgeons bent on performing their Socialist duty – to operate ruthlessly, regardless of the feelings of the patient. Thus far, anything that served this purpose was permitted, and no moral consideration, criticism nor friendly advice could turn them from their course of action. It was the same even with personal contact with the Russian revolutionaries. The value of practically every relation was based on its political usefulness. Lenin and nearly all the Bolsheviks had an impatient way about them – a way calculated to intimidate. Either you accepted, without reservation, the authority of the Marxist doctrine on all social matters, or you would be regarded as an idiot, imbecile, or even a servant of the imperialists. But, although there was not much sympathy to be found for their tactics, they nevertheless were respected for their knowledge and admired for their courage in their struggle against the Tsarist regime.

(To pass judgment in retrospect on the Russian colony of political exiles, I would say that I admired most Lunarscharsky for his universal knowledge and brilliant conversation, and Radek with his Rabelaisian sense of humour and *esprit* of a 'Bohemian Voltarian'. But the unfortunate thing about Radek was that he was always in some kind of money trouble. Indeed Rosa Luxembourg, who anyway seemed to have a personal grudge against him, once compared him to me with a plague of locusts, leaving nought but the bare ground behind him.)

The night of this memorable day I went with Tristan Tsara to the Dutch Tavern in the Niederdorfstrasse where our Dutch friends Ratu Langi

*E.S.I. Question Master*

## Careers in Electricity Supply

*This is an extract from a recorded interview with Mr. Telford, who joined the Electricity Supply Industry as a Graduate Trainee.*

# "...you can have a go at whatever you want"

*Mr. Telford*

*Question Master:* **I think we might begin by asking what was your first job in Electricity Supply after your training was finished?**

*Mr. Telford:* Well, my training was interrupted by the war, and it was only in 1950 that I finished my graduate course in the industry. I was then appointed Shift Charge Engineer at Frome, Somerset—a small station but an excellent training ground. From there I went to Earley—a much bigger station of 120 megawatts—as Boiler House Shift Engineer; later I became Charge Engineer there, and for a while was Efficiency Engineer, as well.

*Q.M.:* **Your next step was London, wasn't it?**

*Telford:* Yes, I came to London as Second Assistant Engineer on the Divisional Staff, and later I was appointed Deputy Superintendent at Bankside Generating Station — the position which I hold now.

*Q.M.:* **Bankside is a pretty big station, and at 36 you're young, aren't you, to be a Deputy Superintendent? But what made you come to London in the first place?**

*Telford:* A chance came along to get some administrative experience at H.Q. level, and I thought I'd better take it.

*Q.M.:* **Does the Industry give many opportunities like that?**

*Telford:* It most certainly does. It gives you a complete opportunity to have a go at whatever you want, and what you think you're best equipped for. The man who wants to get on is helped in every possible way; I've attended several courses run by the Industry, not only on technical matters, but on subjects like personnel selection and industrial relations.

*Q.M.:* **You find your job gives you scope for managerial ability — dealing with people as well as machines?**

*Telford:* Yes, indeed. I don't think there are many better opportunities than in a power station, because you have something of everything. You have the mechanical side, the electrical side, the building side — and most of all, a number of people with varied interests and jobs.

*Q.M.:* **Now a word about newcomers to the industry. If you have a chap of ability who is prepared to get down to the task, what would you say his opportunities were like?**

*Telford:* I would say that he has really splendid opportunities. For one thing, a career in the industry is established on a very firm footing — you could do without a lot of things, but it's impossible to get on nowadays without electrical energy.

Another point worth remembering is that a man coming into the industry has the choice of the entire country to work in, and there's no parochial approach.

We'd like to publish more of this interview but there isn't space. For details of the many careers in the Electricity Supply Industry and the salaried training schemes available, ask at your local Generating or Distribution Board's offices, or write direct to:

**The Education and Training Officer,**
**The Electricity Council,**
**5 Winsley Street, London, W.1.**

and Piet Endt offered us a strange mixture of champagne and cognac, which they assured us was an old Russian drink. By the early morning Tsara had convinced me that there was nothing left for the world but *dada* – and I have not changed my mind ever since.

J. LEY

# Demotic English

A PRINTER engaged on setting the type for a book of mine has objected to printing the word which English male proletarians use more often than not where a Frenchman would say *type*, an American *guy*, and our own middle-class *chap*, *bloke* or *fellow*. This printer has even objected to printing the word with dots in place of all but the first and last letters. He is apparently under the impression that it is a swear word, or an obscenity. But he certainly knows that he cannot be punished for printing the word, in the context; it is not an obscene libel. His objection is presumably social, or even religious, although he has not required me to remove such blasphemies as *Good God*!

Before the war I twice worked in factories and once as a lorry driver. My first manual job was at a cigarette works. I was very young at the time, and obviously shy. The girls in the packing department, some of them very hard cases indeed, found a good way to torment me when I could not avoid all contact with them. They would ask me, with much demureness, as if in search of knowledge, the meaning of words which the machine minders used in the ordinary course of conversation. They enjoyed, I think, seeing me go red; it was absolutely automatic, like dipping blue litmus paper into a strong acid. The word they mostly asked me to explain was this word which my publisher's printer will not print, even filleted, although, as commonly used, it simply means *type* (French), *guy* or *chap*.

The choice of the word in question for the service it commonly renders throws some light on the great good sense and deep respect for life which distinguish the English working-class. I should point out that its use by this class is universal: apart from the factory experience mentioned, I have served in the ranks of the RAF and on the lower deck of the RN, and worked among farmhands, and I can therefore vouch for it. Unlike *guy*, *bloke*, *chap*, *type*, etc., all of which appear to be empty of meaning and are just noises, the word we are discussing has an important meaning. What it does is to say *man* in terms of man's most important generic activity.

One of war's effects is to drive the demotic speech upwards through the social ranks. Like all other social processes, this is much quicker in France than in England. Thus the word *con*, and all its derivatives, is universally spoken and printed. I find the word in the supplement to the latest edition of Harrap's great French-English dictionary: but the English word given is *clot*. Good; I have used it myself to translate *con*. And I did so because nobody will print the real translation, although the four letter word which does translate it has, at least ever since I learnt to speak demotic English in my late teens, meant precisely, to a shade, what *con* means in common French usage. It is, however, even more unprintable, apparently, than the other, and it seems to be rarely even spoken outside proletarian circles.

I have, among my friends, only one who belongs, unquestionably to the upper class. He, by a very sparing occasional use of this word obtains an extraordinarily powerful effect, just as another of my friends, one of our most distinguished poets, a very mild-mannered man of equally mild appearance, obtains a striking effect by using another four-letter, proletarian word to describe such critics as he does not care for. But the point here is that no such effect is obtained by the people who commonly use these words, who use them, in fact, as substitutes for scores of other words. The effect obtained by my two friends is a product of style, of self-consciousness.

For, owing to the validity of the caste system in Britain, there is a strong resistance to the process whereby the demotic vernacular is constantly becoming the ordinary standard spoken language. There seems to be no such resistance in France; the upper classes there suck up the new language thirstily, even though it entails employing words in a most irrational way and outraging speech conventions to do it. Compare long passages of Sartre's novels, observing the way in which his educated characters strain to make as much use as possible of gross and trivial words culled from the gutter jargon of his proletarians, and even of deformed or crippled constructions, with the attempts made by English novelists to represent *lumpenproletariat* English. It is pitiful. Partly it is due to the fact that you cannot, as I have explained, print it even nowadays; and partly to the fact that middle-class novelists, whether middle-class by birth or by aspiration, cannot, in fact, *hear* any speech less stylised than that of Mr Angus Wilson's refeened male tarts.

Resistance to the spread of the vernacular is apparent in two phenomena: the self-conscious avoidance, for example, by young army, navy and air force officers, of lower-deck words just because they tend to un-class a man who cannot use them with a particular sort of literary skill; and their deliberate use, *with* that particular literary skill, which, as I have pointed out, makes them so powerfully effective on the lips of rich and aristocratic or academic men. People who are *not* class-resistant are rare in England. And want of this resistance can be very embarrassing. I have it not, and as my own speech is naturally 'foul', I have to remember, self-consciously, not to speak in a certain mess-deck, machine-shop, plough-tail way when I am among persons of both sexes in the lower-middle to upper classes.

Nevertheless I am very far from thinking that this ban has been erected by some toffee-nosed petit-bourgeois giving free rein to prejudices with their origin in sexual repression. The thing is much more interesting than that, and far more important. I met with what is, perhaps, its oddest manifestation many years ago when I was a member of the Communist Party. I cannot make up my mind whether only a certain kind of people become Communists; or whether the fact of becoming a Communist changes people. I am inclined to the latter view. Thus men who formerly used the demotic speech freely and easily no sooner join either the Salvation Army or the Communist Party than they become more or less unable to do so. They turn not only mealy-mouthed but downright priggish in their English. Intelligent working-class Communists, conscious of this, try to correct the error by *assuming*, what formerly was perfectly natural to them, a measure of 'dirtiness' in their speech. This is extremely funny to listen to because one is irresistibly reminded of the modern sort of Anglican clergyman who tries to appear broad-mindedly manly.

I will not say that I am convinced that the relative failure of Communism in England is due to the pi-jaw language which Communists, like Nonconformists, feel obliged to use; but I have a very strong suspicion that it has a lot to do with it. And there is nothing whatever to be done about it. The Communists are quite right to drop the fundamentally frivolous language of the working-class male when dealing with so serious a subject as politics, especially real, Marxist politics. On the other hand the very fact that the working-class has chosen to speak the kind of language it does speak, may imply an insuperable barrier to the absorption of serious political ideas. Because the point, I repeat, is that these four-letter words are either meaningless, or they are substitutes for other words.

This provides difficulties of a very special nature in translating. As is now widely known a licence has been refused for the broadcasting of Sam Becket's *Fin de Partie* in English because in that play the following sentence occurs, with reference to God, who has failed to answer a prayer: *Le salaud, il n'existe pas!* Mr Becket renders this *The bastard, he doesn't exist!* In my opinion he either had the American public in mind, or he simply could not use the right English word because he knew that though he might get away with *bastard*, he would not get away with the other, more nearly exact translation of what his character meant when he said *salaud*. And he would not get away with it because all but the people who commonly use the word (the same as the printer refused to print in my case) still allow it to carry its dictionary meaning, not its vernacular meaning.

Many words which it is still difficult, even impossible, to print in England, are now commonly printed in the United States. Indeed, those enormously long, intolerably boring American war-novels which bluff even quite bright English reviewers into thinking them of literary consequence, would be mercifully shorter without these words. But then, so would the average British or American soldier's speeches in real life. But I do not believe that the printing of these words in America is going to make it any easier for us to print them in England: and for this reason, that they are quite differently used.

It would require a far subtler and more learned linguist and sociologist than I should be if I lived to a thousand, to analyse the difference between English and American usage of four-letter words; but I can at least try to state it. And this can in fact be done very simply: briefly the American usage at once conjures up (possibly because of the fundamental sincerity implicit in the American accent) the act or object named; the English usage, as I have already explained, never does this. Obviously the English cannot be under-sexed, for they breed very fast even now. But they are in some extraordinary way innocent; and this innocence has quite purged their four-letter words of all somatic content. Whereas the sinfulness which is at the bottom of American vitality has actually enhanced those somatic values, or at least perverted them so as to give them a sort of spiciness. In America the four-letter words have the force of liturgical language in the service of a still living devil-worshiping rite. The American uses these words as the child of very strict and mealy-mouthed Victorian parents used the word *bottom*: with conscious wickedness. In English they are, for the class which commonly uses them, as empty of meaning as the word God in our 20th-century mouths.

EDWARD HYAMS

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## A Comic Recruit

At the Lyric, Hammersmith, we welcome in Mr John Mortimer a recruit to the drama who promises to give us many evenings of wit and perception. Mr Mortimer is already a practised and practising novelist, with a sharp bright edge to his descriptive writing and the ability to produce characters poppingly alive. The first of the plays in his Double Bill, *Dock Brief*, has already been acclaimed on the radio and television; the second, *What Shall We Tell Caroline?*, is his first shot at a stage play proper, and as a 'sighter' it will do very well indeed. It is certainly an 'inner,' and there is a question whether or not it has just nicked the bull.

Arthur Loudon, an ex-rowing blue, keeps a preparatory school for boys in the bracing climate of Cold Sands, Norfolk, and the very qualities that make him a Kiplingesque prep school head – he suffers from the typical retarded development of the English athlete – make him impossible as a father or a husband. His wife was the young sister of six healthy English boys who treated her as a miniature brother, and this makes her a natural victim for an ex-rowing blue. Their marriage is lived out on the playing fields of Cheam, so to speak, and goodness knows what would have happened to it if there hadn't arrived as assistant master twelve years ago Tony Peters, who rejoices to describe himself as having been in his youth the Casanova of the Earls Court Road. Easy for Tony to play out this self-dramatisation with Lily who won't call his bluff and with Arthur who, without this visible evidence of the fact that his wife is a woman, will inevitably fall into treating her as one of the least satisfactory and virile of his boys.

If it is a little worrying that these figures are all three relics of the Twenties, Mr Mortimer does give them a fine comic vitality shot through with that pathos which is good comedy's concomitant. He is less assured in his handling of the daughter of their marriage, Caroline, who lives a life so remote from her parents that she cannot even speak to them. Here Mr Mortimer pushes fantasy further than his framework can take. No doubt it is this element of the fantastic which has misled some people into making a comparison between this double bill of Mr Mortimer's and that other of Mr N. F. Simpson's which is at present in the Royal Court repertory. There is really no comparison between them at all. *The Resounding Tinkle* and *The Hole* are an entirely different kind of writing. As in Ionesco, the figures in these plays are as abstract as the figures in plays like *The Adding Machine*, cyphers merely or numerals, devoid (deliberately, of course) of personality and the characteristics of humans. They are walkie-talkie machines there to illustrate attitudes.

Mr Mortimer, on the other hand (and the first play, *The Dock Brief*, illustrates this clearly) is not a writer of this bloodless and cerebral kind. He is in the full-bodied English comic tradition – by Joyce Cary out of Dickens, one might say; and he lends himself admirably to the English tradition of comic acting. Some may find that Mr Michael Hordern overdoes it a little, especially in *The Dock Brief*. But there he has to animate what is essentially a radio script and I found his unsuccessful barrister a delightful assembly of mannerisms. While his provincial beau of the second play was as subtle and truthful as you could wish. Mr Maurice Denham and Miss Brenda Bruce had smaller chances, but took them with resource.

Stratford began its new season last week with a *Romeo and Juliet* which displayed all the disadvantages of having to 'open cold', as they say: it took a whole act for the players to drop their over-emphatic underlining. But even when they had settled down, the result was not as successful as one had hoped. Miss Dorothy Tutin promised to give us a Juliet as exciting as any we could hope to see. She distils feeling as effortlessly as Dame Peggy Ashcroft at the same age; she has a wonderful way of suggesting the unformed mental gawkiness of extreme youth, but she is essentially a modern realistic actress. She can work wonders with a half line or monosyllable, but her voice was not designed by nature for the speaking of verse. Miss Tutin courageously tried to give us the rhythm and variety, but I think, on this occasion the courage was mistaken; better to have played it in the only way she could. There were some lovely moments when she could isolate a phrase, but the long flow of the line in the end overwhelmed the very qualities that might have won through. Mr Richard Johnson is one of the only young actors who has the genuine style and attack of the young romantic hero. Fighting against a hopelessly unromantic make-up and wig, he exaggerated the romantic note from the start and left himself no reserves to screw up the pitch with. The success of the evening was Miss Angela Baddeley's comically touching Nurse. This part is traditionally a play-stealer, but Miss Baddeley was not out to steal the play. She held it in perfect keeping as far as she could.

*Any Other Business*, by George Ross and Campbell Singer at the Westminster, is a straightforward excitingly framed narrative play about a business firm and the threat of a takeover bid. It is a sign of the weakness of our popular theatre that the play seems dashingly novel just because its subject is for once not trivially domestic. The piece is so deftly and interestingly constructed narrative-wise that one could have wished the authors had not been content with stereotypes for characters and facetiousness for jokes. Even so it passes the evening as entertainingly as a paper-backed thriller where one skips the bad descriptive passages and forgives the banality of the dialogue for the sake of what-happens-next.

*Epitaph for George Dillon*, the early Osborne play written in conjunction with Anthony Creighton, is much better and much more entertaining than I indicated when I first wrote about it. Production and acting are now quite first class. It can be seen this week and all next at the Royal Court.

The Old Vic *Twelfth Night* is a most enjoyable production in which all the parts have come together to make a balanced and complete whole. With a very good, but not a star Malvolio from Richard Wordsworth (playing him as a very upper servant) the play holds its shape better than usual. The comedy is highly inventive, constantly surprising, never excessive, and Miss Barbara Jefford makes as good a Viola as I ever remember. Desmond Healey's settings and Michael Benthall's direction are delightful.

T. C. Worsley

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# More than Singing

LOTTE LEHMANN has written a book called *More Than Singing*, in which the extra-musical skills involved in the presentation of Lieder are examined. Some of the advice makes one feel a little uneasy – when, for example, the singer is given a 'tip' to give a sad little downward glance at a poignant word, or to trip on to the platform gaily before such-and-such a song. But Sena Jurinac's Festival Hall recital last Friday demonstrated all too clearly how important it is for the concert singer to know about More Than Singing. None of the qualities which make Mme Jurinac so endearing a performer – her radiant but unaffected charm, her spontaneity, her frankness – came across: not even when she sang 'Voi che sapete' or the Composer's outburst in praise of music from *Ariadne*.

She was unsuitably dressed. Her right hand clutched the piano lid throughout, the left she extended, palm cupped in the stock operatic gesture. She turned monotonously back and forth through a small arc, like an electric fan, and her eyes were fixed on her feet. How important it is for an audience to see a singer's eyes! When, during applause, Jurinac sometimes found the courage to take one quick glance at the audience, it was like the sun breaking through cloud. Only once, during the Composer's 'Musik ist eine heilige Kunst', did her right hand nearly leave its anchorage – not quite; only once did her left hand stop its meaningless wandering.

The programme was ill-conceived: Schubert followed by 'Pace, mio Dio', Strauss Lieder by 'Depuis le jour'. One tone, beautiful but rather dense, served for lullaby, lament or rejoicing. Jurinac did not seem to have thought of each song or aria as something that needed to be brought to life as a self-complete whole, but rather to turn mental pages from one piece of vocalisation to another. There were beautiful moments: the first F of 'Pace, mio Dio' was marvellous, cleanly attacked, thrillingly swelled and then fined down; the octave drop in the last line of Strauss's 'Als mir dein Lied Erklang' was exquisite. But something seemed to inhibit the soprano from daring to communicate with her audience. The words were sluggishly formed, and Jurinac seemed not one quarter the performer she is on the operatic stage.

The concert season is being unusually rich. Klemperer last week, the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra this, and so much else besides that one need never stop at home. On Monday the LPO's Grand Musical Tour, two laps from home, reached Scandinavia, represented by a fine concert conducted by Thomas Jensen. Saeverud's Piano Concerto of 1950 proved empty stuff, but Sibelius's Sixth Symphony was given a wonderfully satisfying reading, non-virtuoso, with little rubato but a perfect gauging of tempo and tempo-changes, and perfect dynamic balance; while the breadth and drama of Carl Nielsen's Fifth proved that we had not overrated the symphony in the first excitement of discovering it. The LPO strings are making a splendidly warm sound at present and the whole orchestra seems to be in excellent trim.

The Recital Room's 350-odd seats were packed for contemporary music done inexpertly but with conviction by the Cambridge University Chamber Ensemble under Mark Lowe. The 'classics' here were Falla's Harpsichord Concerto, Webern's Concerto (which seems to be 'most-performed piece of the month'!) and Janacek's wind sextet *Youth*. Andrew Raeburn's Cambridge Bach Singers gave polished renderings of Stravinsky and Britten, and two promising young composers were revealed: Stanley Glasser, a Seiber pupil, with a set of South African songs notable for their command of arresting metre and a feeling for construction that transcended word-setting, and John Exton, whose set of short Dialogues for two violins held the attention more firmly than a good deal of the contemporary music one hears.

ANDREW PORTER

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# Satchmo and Others

GUITARS stay unsold on the shelves of music-shops. There are gaps in the houses for all but very exceptional jazz concerts, and, though one would not guess it from the press and the controlled frenzy of the pluggers, the sales of pop records have dropped like a lift. The top record of the 'top ten' will be lucky today to sell half of the sales of its predecessor last year. Unless all the signs are wrong, the wildest boom in the history of British pop music is over, though, as usual, nobody knows why. Is it unemployment? Hardly, though trade reports mention it in Scotland and Lancashire. Is it the drop in overtime earnings? Or can it be simply that there have been just too many bawling juveniles, too many mediocre records, too many concerts all sounding, if the truth be told, pretty much alike? At all events, it looks like the end of the lush days for the marginal skiffle groups and imitation rock-and-rollers of the *Six-five Special* type, but, alas, also for the marginal serious or experimental British jazz musicians who never earned anyone much money, and the unknown youngsters, on whose fortunes few will want to speculate. For business is business, and recession purges not the bad, but only the unprofitable.

Fortunately the public for serious jazz is now large enough, even without the temporary recruits from the *Six-five Special* fringe, to provide a steady market even in a depression; especially in a depression, for the true *aficionado* will no more do without jazz than women will without cosmetics. Fortunately also at least one kind of jazz, the old-fashioned, modest, tuneful New Orleans stuff has now established itself firmly as a dance music for youngsters who cannot tell King Oliver from King Saud. Both these phenomena are due, more than to anyone else, to the man whose apotheosis now takes place nightly at the Cameo-Royal, *Satchmo the Great*. As films go, Ed Murrow's record of Louis Armstrong's 1956 tour is not much: run-of-the-mill reporting, though embellished by a few ideas and splendid background drawings by Ben Shahn. But thanks to Armstrong, and to his audiences in Switzerland, Finland, Britain, France and, above all, Ghana, the film is a triumph, which many of us will sit through twice, to the disgust of the management. If the post left vacant by the late Orpheus with his lute is still available, one look at the crowd of a hundred thousand stomping in Accra will suggest who ought to fill it. After all, who is more likely to charm the beasts, trees and rocks than this simple man, for whom life means blowing a horn, and blowing three notes means putting his soul into them. 'He is a dedicated man', says Leonard Bernstein, as he embraces Armstrong in front of the New York Philharmonic. So he is: to the modest, unquenchable noise which praises life in this world. *Joie de vivre* is not everything, but, as this film shows, it is good enough.

At the climax of the film Armstrong and the Philharmonic play the St Louis Blues (the one well, the other shockingly), watched by its composer, W. C. Handy, who has just died. He would have been pleased at all the official obituaries, for he would have seen them, rightly, as a tribute to his race. I do not propose to add to them. Bessie Smith singing the *St Louis Blues*, the *Yellow Dog Blues* and *Careless Love* are the only gravestone their composer should need. It was a good day for music on which Handy found himself sitting in a Mississippi railroad station next to a ragged 'lean, loose-jointed Negro' picking a guitar and singing:

> 'Goin' where the Southern cross the Yellow Dog'.

Handy is dead. Some of the guitar-pickers have come a long way, like Josh White, whose latest LP (HMV CLP 1159) his admirers will no doubt buy; some have declined into pop songs, alas, like Lonnie Johnson on *Lonnie's Blues* (Parlophone EP). Some are old and sick like Broonzy, whose *Southern Saga* (Nixa EP) shows it. But some are still there, and thanks to the enterprising Chris Barber, we shall shortly hear two of the most authentic: Brownie McGhee, of Knoxville, Tenn., and Sonny Terry, of Durham, NC, the best blues-harmonica in the business. (Festival Hall, 3 May.) As for an artist very remote from the blues, Sarah Vaughan, who has just started a British tour, I have only space to pity those who fail to hear this superlative singer. What to do about the sentimental pop ballad is the perennial problem of the jazz musician. Miss Vaughan, though, alas, less revolutionary now than in her pioneer days, solves it by singing it as a piece of abstract music, standing beside her magnificent voice as though she were pushing the button. She may be heard until the 27th.

FRANCIS NEWTON

# Voces Populi

ALTHOUGH the new BBC television programme, *It's My Opinion*, has been compared with sound-radio's perennially successful *Any Questions?*, its formula is in fact quite different. Both are audience-participation programmes (and both from the West Country); but, whereas the questions in *Any Questions?* are strictly in interrogative form, the whole point of *It's My Opinion* is that it satisfies that impulse – familiar to all chairmen of public meetings when they ask for questions from the audience – to make a speech rather than merely to seek information. A member of the audience has a go first; the panellists comment on what he has said; and he has a final brief right of reply.

The programme will clearly settle down into a very good feature. The first one didn't quite attain the difficult mean between the turgid and the jejune. There were several patches of long-windedness; four subjects were dealt with in the half-hour – and on one of them there was no time for John Arlott to say his piece. This led him to complain, severely, 'This is an important question which hasn't been too well answered' – an undeserved slap at Anthony Wedgwood Benn and Ted Leather. Mr. Arlott's enviable Loamshire burr enables him to get away with excursions perilously near to the brink of demagogy: he talks about 'this very unpleasant thing which is power politics', and implies claims on behalf of the Liberal Party which (as Benn pointed out) go beyond its official policy. Alan Bullock was an excellent chairman. Tony Benn's only fault is an over-indulgence in mopping and mowing: some quite ordinary remark will be accompanied by a facial contortion suggesting extreme amazement.

This magnifying of movements which might hardly be perceptible in real life is, of course, a well-known trick of the medium, especially in close-up. The Grievous Bodily Harmer in the first of the new series of ITV's *Boyd, QC* (which, like *It's My Opinion*, ought to last longer than half-an-hour) was betrayed, to viewers at least, by the twitching of a muscle in his face. So experienced a TV-man as Mr Huw Wheldon also overdoes his emphases: in his children's programme a child has only to say something of the utmost ordinariness – 'I like my dollie' or 'I want to go home' – for Mr Wheldon to go into a paroxysm of delighted, if slightly patronising, surprise: 'I say, do you *really*? Good heavens! By *Jove!*' (But I must say it was very winning recently when he accidentally broke some dreary toy or invention and let slip – on the BBC – a resounding '*Hell!*')

Similarly, on his more important adult programme, *Monitor*, Mr. Wheldon is a shade too obtrusive – not merely by being around an awful lot but by, again, whimsically italicising so many of his words. He should study Ed Murrow – not to copy him, but to learn how effective unassumingness can be. All the same, the items that he edited and introduced last Sunday were well-assorted. The best, as usual, were those in which we were allowed to enjoy the arts themselves and not merely to hear them talked about: intelligent talking, such as John Berger's on pictures by Goya, Ingres, and Hogarth, can indeed enhance the enjoyment, but one doesn't, in a television programme, want the talking alone – a musician should play rather than talk about playing and what makes him play. What *is* interesting is to see how it's done, as in the film of Dr Thalben Ball rehearsing the choir of the Temple Church – one's only regret here being that such exquisite voices and skilful training should be wasted on such meretricious, sentimental slush as those 'Anglican chants' for the Psalms. Why not plain-song, with descants?

Talking of slush, I heard with some anxiety the news that the popular vogue was now to be for 'ballads'. I thought that it would be too much to expect that this much-abused and ambiguous word would turn out to mean, in this context, the sort of ballad that Ewan MacColl sings, the ballad of the *Ballads and Blues* sound-radio programmes. (When are we going to have some more of them?) It *was* too much to expect. The ballads by which we are to be nauseated nightly – which have even begun to infiltrate into such strongholds of rock and skiffle as *Six-five Special* – are the 'old favourites', *When Irish Eyes* and, no doubt, *Pale Hands I Loved*, with such new efforts as a sickly song (perhaps subsidised by the Dutch growers?) about tulips from Amsterdam.

What is particularly objectionable about this sort of song is the phoney sincerity with which it has to be put across – the sweet, soft, tender voice and manner, every bit as false as the gooey, eager voice of the commercial that assures us '*Wonderful* things are happening to knitwear... !'

I have no room to describe, or to praise adequately, Granada's *Chelsea at Eight* programme on Tuesday night – one of the best 'sophisticated' magazines seen on TV for some time.

TOM DRIBERG

# Film of the Book

THERE nearly always is a book in the background. Some critics turn a blind eye on this, and suppose that by so doing they serve truth: but surely the fact that so many films are parasitic is of itself significant? If the cinema were a quarter as live and contemporaneous as it should be, would there be this general scuttle back to some novel or play, often mediocre, dated, irrelevant in any case to filming? Among current borrowings or debasements are *Farewell to Arms*, slicked by Ben Hecht and slopped by Selznick; a *Bonjour Tristesse* well matched by that chi-chi of another generation, *La Garconne*; Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*, best of these films, but wickedly amended to suit American pride. And now comes – but why now, I wonder? – Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*.

It is middling O'Neill, very much of the earth in a stage way, and wearing its gallant old medals of the ban. One suspects that what drew a film producer's interest was hush-hush and the word desire. There had been a tram-car, why not elms? Not that the screen version, to be found at the Leicester Square, has been too badly done. Up to a point it has considerable merits: the farmstead in the 1840s is nicely envisaged; incest has brought an improvement in the music score; there's a strong performance by Burl Ives as the uncurbed septuagenarian with a new wife. One remembers him driving off under a black hat, mocked by worthless sons, forcing the neighbours at a christening party to join in, saying, 'I don't like ladies smoking, but you're not one, so it doesn't matter'. But one success can't make triangular drama. The other two points of the triangle go awry: Anthony Perkins as the desirous son vacillates in skill as well as character, and Sophia Loren frankly belongs to some other world of gipsy opera.

Here, time after time, is drama – pretty good drama, admittedly – detaching itself from its surroundings. Since, like most films, this one takes some pains to establish its surroundings, the divorce hits the eye. How beautifully the farm kitchen has been set!; but all that Miss Loren ever does in it is to clasp hands with the joy of possession, to carry a pan of potatoes she hasn't peeled. The son – Ebon, was it? – lifts a sack a couple of yards, and raises a prong with the intention of killing his Pa. Pa, by far the most active, actually drives a horse cart, mends a shoe, goes off to look to the beasts, leaving the coast clear for illicit love. The only beast we are allowed to see is one cow tethered through a doorway. It is all gravely, and sometimes beautifully, shot. The dialogue is largely O'Neill's: its chief merit. But why should an inherently weak film have been made out of strong old Sunday-night drama? And why should the talents of Delbert Mann – who showed a contemporary alertness in *The Bachelor Party* – be so pointlessly side-tracked?

The atom bomb, of which in the cinema we see and hear little, provides this week a parable and a thriller. *Calabuch* (Curzon) is a too-cosy yarn of a dear old chap (Edmund Gwenn), inventor – we are told – of the atom bomb, who flees from the great world to a Spanish coast village. There the simple life absorbs the simple man: in fact, it's all a good deal too simple. Still, it has charm, we are introduced to local customs, there is a bull-fight half on shore and half in the sea, and an innocent delight of fireworks pins the padded moral. What just saves *Calabuch* is a sometimes delighting humour. The thriller is Japanese space fiction (*Mysterious Satellite*, at the Berkeley): delicately coloured, alternately disingenuous and alarming, tinged – as only from such a source it could be – with the after-feeling of the atom bomb.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## The chief defect of Henry King

"THE CHIEF defect of Henry King", as no reader of Mr. Belloc can forget, "was chewing little bits of string." Poor Henry. His fad had fatal results. String, the Moral points out, is not among the things "the human frame requires". How different from bread! Whoever heard of a slice of string and jam? Bread is hardly ever as *long* as string. It tastes nicer, too.

And bread's a subject on which scientists think the same as sybarites. In other words, it's good for you. It is, say the pundits, tremendously nourishing. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin $B_1$, than any other single food.

As basic foods go, bread's the cheapest one going. In terms of food value per penny, it's the best you can get. A nutritional bargain, in fact.

So make sure your family eats plenty of bread every day—good and fresh.

*National Food Survey Committee Report, 1955 (Page 132) published by H.M.S.O.
In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 26.5% of the energy; 27.8% of the protein; 25.5% of the nicotinic acid; 23.4% of the iron; 28.7% of the Vitamin $B_1$.

*Note: All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:* Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1.60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin $B_1$—*not less than 0.24 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

# Correspondence

## DIRECT ACTION CAMPAIGN

SIR,—The organisation of the West of England and Wessex contingents to join the Aldermaston March established a co-ordinated body in the West Country of people determined to do something positive towards the cause of Nuclear Disarmament. It is essential that those who manage to stimulate activity for the first time in many areas, should now go on to build up this co-ordinated body for Direct Action against Nuclear War. As one of those responsible for organising the West of England and Wessex, may I therefore ask all from the West Country who took part to do the following:

(1) Ensure that a Council for Nuclear Disarmament is established at once in their city, town or village. If one is not already in existence, then the initiative should be taken at once to form one and notify the name and address of the secretary to 146 Fleet Street, London, EC4. At the same time I would appreciate notification.

(2) Parallel with activity in propaganda for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, preparations should be made for Direct Action against Nuclear War. Local groups should start now to compile a list of people willing to undertake passive resistance projects. Those who came with us to Aldermaston might well form the nucleus of such a body of people. Should the local organiser for Direct Action be different from the secretary of the local Council for Nuclear Disarmament, I would appreciate notification of the organiser's name and address.

It is imperative that if the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is to form Councils throughout the West of England, that complete disregard should be shown for 'party lines'. The movement must be a-political. There will be a very great deal of work to be done. In each political party there have arisen deeply-entrenched people who have criticised what they have chosen to call the 'Aldermaston policy', not on the merits of our case but because they are afraid of the triumph of sanity over their party line. It is most essential that these criticisms should be effectively met, but beyond that the policy of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament should unite us in its single aim. This issue is the biggest that has ever affected the politics of our country. The time for compromise has ended. The moment for Direct Action has arrived.

AUSTIN UNDERWOOD

4 Earls Road
Amesbury, Wilts

## VOTERS AND THE BOMB

SIR,—If the campaign against nuclear weapons is to succeed, it must influence politicians and politicians are most vulnerable to the threat of loss of votes. I suggest that every voter supporting the campaign should resolve to vote at the next general election for the candidate who gives a specific pledge to vote against the testing, use or possession by the United Kingdom of any nuclear weapons and further that each voter should inform all his parliamentary candidates of his intention and that the candidate who gives this pledge will get his vote. Voters would have to be very careful that candidates did not get away with comforting and woolly phrases which might mean anything when interpreted. Only the specific detailed pledge would suffice.

Voters would have to realise that this resolve might cut across their normal party allegiance and indeed involve them in disloyalty to a party to which they actually belong. This cannot be helped. This issue is more important than party loyalty and parties will only respond properly to the campaign when they know that even their own members may follow the campaign instead of party allegiance. None of the present parties' statements on nuclear weapons are satisfactory. We know what we think about the Tory government. The Liberal Party has perhaps gone the farthest of all the three parties. The Labour Party's statement is apparently designed to try to appeal to the dissatisfied voters while leaving the Labour government free to continue with these weapons, and distrust of the Labour Party's statement is increased when it is remembered that it was the Labour Party of 1945 who started the secret manufacture of atomic bombs. Politicians are the servants of the electorate and will respond to the threat of loss of votes or the promise of votes when they will respond to nothing else.

ROBERT S. W. POLLARD

127 Park Road, W4

SIR,—Frank Allaun complains, in your issue of 12 April, of the absence from the platforms of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament of spokesmen for the working-class movement.

The Labour parties, Co-operative parties, Trades Councils, trade unions and Co-operative Women's Guilds are represented on most of our 170 local groups and committees and are playing a large part in the organisation of the Campaign and of the public meetings which are being held.

When these committees ask us to provide Members of Parliament and trade union speakers we do so, and for instance, as Frank Allaun knows, the Secretary of the Manchester Trades Council will be one of the speakers at the Manchester meeting in the Free Trade Hall on 21 May.

The fact is that very few of these committees on which the Labour movement is well represented, are at the moment asking for Members of Parliament as speakers. Many of the speakers are of course members of the Labour Party, but not Members of Parliament.

CANON L. JOHN COLLINS
Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament
146 Fleet Street, EC4

## INDIAN SOCIALISTS

SIR,—According to Mr Kingsley Martin, one result of Mr Nehru's decision to remain leader of the Congress Party has been to reduce the Praja Socialist Party to 'impotence'. Has it really?

Since the first general elections in 1951, when the Communist Party scored a spectacular electoral success, and became the largest opposition group in parliament, it has been sedulously propagated that the Communists are the only effective alternative to the Congress Party. It did not seem far-fetched because Indian Communist Party acquired new prestige after the Chinese took power in China. The PSP's role, at best, could be, as Mr Martin said, 'to jeer from the sidelines'.

In this context, the final results of the general election held last year were a little surprising. The PSP captured 195 seats in states assemblies with 10.04 per cent. of the votes, while the Communist Party had 162 seats with 7.69 per cent of the votes. (However, the concentrated Communist victory in Kerala was very impressive.) In parliament, the PSP has 21 seats (six less than that of the Communists). These results were achieved in spite of a split in the party and without the glamour of some former leaders who were widely known and respected throughout the country.

To brand the above record as a sign of impotence seems hardly correct. How the PSP will face the crucial years ahead is a different question.

PRADIP BOSE

46 Museum Street, WC1

## THE COOL YOUNG MEN

SIR,—I have read Graeme Shankland's and Reyner Banham's letters with great interest. Is this a private fight, or can anyone join in? While I admit to a certain reprehensible desire to toss a cat among the pigeons, I am nevertheless honestly and seriously concerned with the present trend of architecture.

We have now the most wonderful building materials of all time. Steel, concrete, glass, plastics, and so forth. Materials the ancient Greeks would have given their eyes for. Yet they created the Parthenon. We, in our turn, could, if we wanted, create buildings of grace and light and sweeping curves, structures that would delight the eye and stimulate the mind. Instead, all we get is an infinite number of up-ended matchboxes. Great monolithic tombstones, appropriately symbolic of our future destiny. The reason, it seems, is that a cube is the most economical structure to build. If not a cube, a slab. One can get more rooms and offices into one of these than into any other geometrical figure. Every square inch of floor space is financially productive. And to hell with what it looks like.

There is a sort of inherent meanness that creeps in and invariably spoils a ship for a ha'porth of tar. As an instance of this attitude of mind, I would single out certain blocks of skyscraper flats. Now these are not particulary original, and nobody in their right mind would call them beautiful, but they can, when well spread out, present an intriguing and stimulating spectacle, especially against a background of setting sun.

But why, of why, those dreadful water tanks on top? Is it really too much to extend the exterior walls up another storey, to cover the thing up? Of course, it is not possible to obtain any rent for a water tank, and this is a tragic circumstance. But there are alternatives. Even profitable ones. One can extend the walls up another storey, only this time more glass than brick, roof the lot in, and lo! we have a community centre, or an espresso bar, or a dance hall, or just about anything else one fancies, with a wonderful view of endless vistas of ruined countryside thrown in.

The snag, of course, probably lies in our present social order. And it is a pretty grim prospect when one of the world's leading sculptors sees his work carted off to be gawped at along with fairground titillations.

But the architect can always say 'no'. I only wish he would say 'no' more often.

ARTHUR W. KEMSLEY

106 Finchley Road, NW3

## THE MODERN CHURCH

SIR,—I hope very much that Mr Dyson is wrong in regarding Mr Way as a crypto-Christian. His letter displays none of the high regard for individual human nature which was characteristic of Jesus, nor the temperamental puritanism of Saint Paul: and if it shows some of the dogmatic spirit of the later Church, it would yet be hard to find a divine who would write of 'the creative animal warmth of healthy sex'.

With some reluctance I must admit that Miss Jacquetta Hawkes's criticisms of the Church are true, and perhaps more so today than they would have been 20 years ago. I do not believe that I am the only priest who has been embarrassed by the recent spate of dogmatic moral pronouncements on the part of our Church leaders. But the Church still justifies its existence by appealing to the authority of Jesus, who was concerned with the salvation of human beings and not with promulgating a code of universal moral laws. And there are still individual Christian spokesmen, and periodicals such as the *Church of England Newspaper*, ready to propound the more Christ-like approach to morality.

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But a basic regard for the rights and dignity of human nature is not the property of any one system of thought. An essential ingredient of any faith worth its name, whether Christian or humanist, is surely the hope that the clear-sighted charity and understanding of people like Jacquetta Hawkes will in the long run prove more effective than the myopic dogmatism expressed by Mr Way, whatever he may be.

A. HALLIDIE SMITH

## JEWS IN THE USSR

SIR,—The subject of the fate of the Jews in the Soviet Union is one on which the opinions of one of the most distinguished of Russian Jews, the late L. D. Trotsky, may well be of general interest. Back in the early 1920s, as is shown by his interview with Anna Louise Strong in her book *The First Time in History* (1924), Trotsky believed that the Jews were on the way to assimilation, in Russia perhaps even faster than elsewhere. Yiddish enjoyed official recognition in the areas where Yiddish-speaking Jews were a substantial group in the population, but consciousness of themselves as a distinct element was declining among the Jews of Soviet Russia. Though disproportionately well represented among the officials, for historical reasons, the Jews nowhere occupied such a dominant position in Soviet society as they did in certain walks of life in America. Nevertheless, some of the old Russian anti-Semitism survived, and the social roots from which it sprang were still there.

Trotsky saw the growth of a new 'Soviet' anti-Semitism in the later 1920s as a result of the rise of bureaucratism, the increased conflict between the bureaucracy and the masses, and the struggle of the bureaucracy to maintain itself. Already in 1923, when he urged at a Ukrainian party conference that 'functionaries should be able to speak and write the idiom of the surrounding population', he encountered 'ironical remarks . . . in the main by the Jewish intelligentsia who spoke and read Russian and did not wish to learn the Ukrainian language'. The bureaucratic spirit of contempt for the masses here showed itself in a way that was later to prove disastrous to some of the Jewish officials concerned. For, as the bureaucracy became consolidated and as resentment of its privileges grew among the workers and peasants, the leading circles took to stirring up feeling against individual jewish officials in order to divert antagonism from the bureaucracy as a social group. 'The privileged bureaucracy, fearful for its privileges and consequently quite demoralised, is now the most anti-Socialist and most anti-democratic stratum of Soviet society. In the struggle for its self-preservation it exploits the most ingrained prejudices and the most benighted instincts.' Hence the selection of Jews as the accused in numerous scapegoat trials of embezzlers, extortioners, etc.

With the development of the Left Opposition's fight against the bureaucracy, and particularly after Zinoviev and Kamenev in 1926 broke with Stalin and lined up with Trotsky, it became the thing to identify 'Trotskyism' with 'the Jews'. Stalin played systematically upon anti-Semitism as upon anti-intellectualism. During the Moscow Trials care was taken to remind the public that Kamenev's 'real name' was Rosenfeld and Zinoviev's Radomuislsky. . . .

Trotsky saw the fate of the Jews in the Soviet Union as dependent partly on the outcome of the struggle for Socialist democracy there (so long as the bureaucracy ruled it would have a use for anti-Semitism) and partly on the world-wide struggle of the working class for Socialism. The revival of nationalism in the imperialist epoch, with the appearance of Fascism in the capitalist countries, together with bureaucratic degeneration in the Soviet Union, meant that the assimilatory tendency was stopped and even reversed. Jewish national consciousness had increased, the Yiddish language had developed. 'One must therefore reckon with the fact that the Jewish nation will maintain itself in being for an entire epoch to come', said Trotsky in 1937. A nation needs a common territory. Biro-Bidjan was inadequate: 'the USSR alone would still be too poor to solve its own Jewish question, even under a régime much more Socialist than the present one'. Zionism's aims were unrealisable: 'the future development of military events may well transform Palestine into a bloody trap for several hundred thousand Jews' (1940).

Only world Socialism could offer a solution, Trotsky considered. A world Socialist federation would doubtless set aside suitable territories for settlement by those Jews who wished for an autonomous arena for their own culture: 'national topography will become part of the planned economy'. Later, in the course of two or three generations, the boundaries of an independent Jewish republic, 'as of many other national regions', would be erased as voluntary assimilation progressed.

Meanwhile, 'to work for international Socialism means also to work for the solution of the Jewish question', for 'the salvation of the Jewish people is bound up inseparably with the overthrow of the capitalist system'.

BRIAN PEARCE

15 St Michael's Close
Torrington Grove, N12

SIR,—Mr Litvinoff is wrong in stating that there is no mention of the Moscow State Yiddish Theatre in the recently published 50th volume of the *Soviet Encyclopædia*. My copy notes on page 625 that *King Lear* was produced in 1935 at Goset. Goset is a composite word for the name of the theatre Mr Litvinoff has in mind.

YOUR MOSCOW CORRESPONDENT

## THE *OBSERVER* PLAYS

SIR,—I am baffled by T. C. Worsley's suggestion that judges of the *Observer* competition had a strong leaning towards Abstractionism. The first prize in that competition was awarded to Errol John's *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*, which is a realistic play. The second-prize winner, *Set on the Earth*, is a realistic play. The third prize was shared between *The Shifting Heart*, a realistic play, and two works by Ann Jellicoe and N. F. Simpson which are non-realistic but happen, by sheer chance, to have reached the stage before the others. 'Abstractionist bias'? If anything, the opposite.

The three 'neo-realist' (T. C. W.'s word, not mine) winners are all due for production in the fairly near future, by H. M. Tennent Ltd, the new Shakespeare Theatre in Liverpool, and Laurence Olivier Productions respectively. I hope Mr Worsley enjoys them.

KENNETH TYNAN

120 Mount Street, W1

## LEGAL COSTS

SIR,—As 'Critic' and I are in agreement regarding the first point made in his original contribution, namely, the financial hardship burden falling on successful defendants in criminal cases, I need not argue at length about the other points. 'Critic' originally referred to 'numerous cases' where county court judges refuse costs to successful legally aided parties, and now he says that such cases are 'exceptional'. So it looks as if he was, as I said, 'wide of the mark' in his original comment.

Of course I accept what he says about the exceptional case mentioned, and no doubt it has not been possible to interfere with the order for costs made. As to terms of settlement leaving the successful party owing the Law Society more than the amount awarded, the terms of settlement of an action would almost invariably provide for him to receive party and party or solicitor and client costs. The Law Society must receive all sums recovered, and in the short run the position may often be as your contributor describes. Taxation of costs takes months in high court cases, and it is not until after taxation that the assisted person can get a settlement from the Law Society, who make neither a profit nor a loss out of the transaction so far as the assisted person is concerned. However, the Law Society will often assist by making a payment on account pending taxation.

May I conclude by saying that many people interested in legal aid will welcome the interest shown in the subject by your contributor? The points made by him and the hardship caused by out-of-date assessments, which the government and the Law Society will do nothing to remedy, surely justify a detailed consideration of this problem.

C. F. WEGG-PROSSER

159 Edgware Road, W2

## FATHER HOOPER

SIR,—May I thank your readers for their wonderful response to my appeal on Father Hooper's behalf in your columns on 22 March? I have already despatched £160 to him through safe channels and hope to have his personal acknowledgement shortly. I have also forwarded a number of the letters to him, which I know will hearten him immensely and give him strength for his work. Since I wrote my previous letter I have learned that he has, as he feared, been banned by the authorities from entering the reserves where his African parishioners live. So has his wife. This makes it all the more imperative that he should be able to help them financially with their defence.

BARBARA CASTLE

House of Commons

## THE ILP

SIR,—I am a student at London University working on a history of the Independent Labour Party 1918-1932 and would very much appreciate the loan of documents concerning the ILP in this period. Also I would like to contact anybody who played a role in the party at a divisional or above level. All documents will be returned and acknowledged in the thesis.

R. E. DOWSE

14 Barlow Road, W3


Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

ISLE OF WIGHT
Sandown Pavilion 7.15 p.m.
Wednesday, 23rd April
MICHAEL FOOT
J. B. PRIESTLEY
A. J. P. TAYLOR

CLAPHAM
Clapham Baths, Manor Road, S.W.4 7.45 p.m.
Thursday, 24th April
JACK McCANN, MP
Dr. D. G. ARNOTT
JILL CRAIGIE

CAMBRIDGE
Small Guild Hall evening
Friday, 25th April
MILES MALLESON
KINGSLEY MARTIN
PHILIP TOYNBEE

UXBRIDGE
Central Hall, Yiewsley 7.45 p.m.
Friday, 25th April
FRANK BESWICK, MP
Rev. HOWARD BOOTH
Dr. DONALD SOPER

LEWISHAM
Town Hall, Catford, S.E.6 7.45 p.m.
Friday, 25th April
MERVYN JONES
Dr. NICHOLAS MALLESON

146, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. FLE 4175

*BOOKS IN GENERAL*

# Without the Whale

To see Melville without the whale in his less well-known works is to get a respite from the heavy barnacling of interpretation with which *Moby Dick* has been encrusted. Like Meredith, Melville could never resist a metaphor and he delights to lead us on to such matters as the whiteness of the whiteness and to leave us to gamble on whether the whale is a god, a father, mother or parental image, a sexual symbol and so on; but critics who follow this up soon become turgid and lose sight of the basic fact that the whale is an active event in the changing turmoil of a passionate imagination at grips with a subtle and sardonic intellect. Melville was always in motion: criticism, naturally, tries to make him stand still. How different *Moby Dick* is from what the critics make of it! Melville is not a teacher or prophet; he is the supreme American, aboriginal myth-maker.

Until the Twenties, when the Melville revival began, English writers were more warmly aware of Melville's genius than the Americans. He had texture and he had age. At first sight, he might strike us as being outside the American tradition, being altogether older in spirit and without the American blandness. He had the Bible and Shakespeare in his bones and by nature. In his self-imposed isolation in American life he drifts about like a shipwrecked seaman on a raft, hostile to rescue. He is not an American casualty, but a simple non-cooperator. There are writers who do not belong to the age or place they are born in and it is always a puzzle to account for them. One can see Melville as an Elizabethan, as a seventeenth-century metaphysical, as a throwback to the tribal cultures of Scottish or Irish who has been moithered by the strain of Dutch Calvinism – the autobiographical *Pierre* has strong affinities with Hogg's *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* and could have sprung out of Edinburgh – one can see him as a family-proud man, the aristocrat of declining fortune, still fighting in the American revolution and caught, as in perpetual trauma, by the conflict between life under authority and life under rebellion. Stoical, he is no American. He has something pagan. He knows that one cannot conjure Fate, that we must defer to death, pain and inexplicable mischance, extracting our living grain of significance from our defeat. And yet, of course, he is entirely American in his myth-making; always American in his sentiments; continuously American in the simple, free humanity which is superbly expressed in *White Jacket*, the documentary study of life on the lower deck of a man-of-war. It is important that he is the first writer about the sea to describe life with the ordinary seaman's bias; and that his temperament is pre-democratic. He understands the primitive despotism of the city-ship where all men mix at every hour of the day in the brusque freedom of having to stand together for dear life. Although he was at sea for only a few years of his life, they were decisive in implanting in him the sailor's notion that the land is unreal, perplexing and not to be trusted.

Three of Melville's lesser-known works have appeared in the excellent paper-back edition of the Grove Press*. They are *Pierre, or The Ambiguities, The Confidence Man* and *White Jacket*. The last has a good introduction by William Plomer who has also written well elsewhere about *Billy Budd*; there are, unfortunately, no introductions to the other two. I can see that it would have been hard to write them. (There is an interesting apologia for *Pierre* in Ronald Mason's *The Spirit Above the Dust*, published some years ago by John Lehmann.) *Pierre* has been rightly condemned by the critics. Written under Hawthorne's influence, it is totally unbelievable cardboard drama, although the idyllic early chapters of autobiography are one more example of the American genius for creating legend. In a studied way they recall the mood of Oblomov's dream. In all that provokes dream, myth – even when it takes the bookish form of Shakespearean, Spenserian and other literary reference – Melville is the richest exponent of the American nostalgia for the last golden age or for the heroic. His gift, even in the briefest sketch of character, is for breaking through appearance and for seeing the world as it rocks in the individual imagination. But the gift fails him in *Pierre*. When we learn that Pierre calls his mother 'sister' and that, on some moral scruple, he 'marries' his unacknowledged half-sister in order somehow to preserve his dead father's honour, we realise that Melville is going to have a terrible time converting a drama by Webster into an allegory of the disastrous effects of idealism. No amount of brocaded prose or Carlylean apostrophe is going to save him. One recognises the hand of genius in bold phrases here and there; also the genuine torment, for as D. H. Lawrence said, Melville was 'purgatorial by destiny'; but *Pierre* is a landlocked book and on land Melville is dulled by his Dutch ancestors. The extraordinary thing is that Melville wrote *Pierre* immediately after *Moby Dick*, without a pause for breath. He was writing on one of those waves of hysterical exhaustion that are among the calamities of authorship.

*The Confidence Man* is another land failure. Melville liked to see life as a voyage, but the journey in this novel is a trip down the Mississippi and is a slack, bitter satire on the swindle of the new commercial America in the years before the Civil War. The book is a masquerade of moral types who reveal that they are not to be trusted – a pathetic judgment of the sailor ashore. Melville was cut out for the great torments, not for the little moralistic punnings of this book. Of course we feel his vitality; here and there the prose bites and he has an eye for people – there is a remarkable short sketch of a frantic little miser – but compared with Mark Twain on this subject, Melville is at a loss. To write well about the Mississippi in this period one had perhaps to be corruptible as Mark Twain was. It is incidentally interesting to note that the two greatest novels in American literature, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Moby Dick*, are written on the theme of the search or journey, are imbued with dream, and are the work of men who had been racked by Calvinism; it is Twain's America rather than Melville's which was to give American literature its lasting accent.

*White Jacket*, written just before *Moby Dick*, is of course not written by the land-locked, conjecture-consumed Melville and, like the wonderful short stories, *Billy Budd, Benito Cereno* and *The Encantadas*, belongs to his genius. *White Jacket* became famous for its protest against flogging in the American Navy and the brutality of the service. It is a complete study in all detail of how men lived and worked on a man-of-war, treating the ship as a city and a symbol of the primitive community living under a necessary despotism. Leisurely, laughing, spirited and thorough, Melville can be seen sunning himself in an illusionless observation of human nature at its happy lowest, but also in the active pride of protest. Men will endure flogging as a matter of pride; nevertheless the blow to the self is intolerable to a mind like Melville's who holds that though we may be ruinous or ruined, we have a right to a delight in our personality. We live not by justice, but by self-respect. The sardonic side of Melville points his maturity. He is as equable as his own Billy Budd and we have the impression throughout this narrative of a sensitive man who is in complete possession of himself.

All the detail of the day's work aboard, of how the men stowed their clothes, for example, hid their treasures, stole or quarrelled, is endlessly interesting, for Melville not only ferrets out everything, but has a master's eye for types of character; the chapter on the querulousness of gun-crews is an amusing example. From the lower deck he is able to sift out, with satirical eye, the compulsive habits of the officers. His portrait of Cadwallader Cuticle, the surgeon, and the great set-piece of one of his amputations, is famous and as good as anything in Smollett or Dickens. One will never forget the barbarous scene where Cuticle takes out his glass eye and his false teeth and ceremoniously lectures the doctors without his dentures, about the leg he is going to cut off. It is ghastly, but it is savagely funny; nor, in the gentler manner, will one forget Melville's dry account of how sailors while away the boredom of lying in harbour. There is no breeziness in Melville but there is no sourness; he has no chip; he hates brutality and injustice but he doesn't whine like a sea-lawyer; he is sure of his moral ground; he revels in human ingenuity and argumentativeness – a quality which gives even his metaphysical speculations a certain laughing pleasure in ambiguity. His comedy is of the finer sort. Take him, for example, on the question of 'fancy men' or 'white mice', *i.e.* informers. Everyone hates them, and so spies are put on to them, in turn. It is the comedy of big and little fleas. There was Sneak, 'a white mouse' promoted to be master-at-arms and experienced as a smeller out of gamblers. He knew when he was being dogged:

'The muffled dice are somewhere around,'

* *Pierre, or The Ambiguities; The Confidence Man; White Jacket*. By HERMAN MELVILLE. *Calder: Grove Press, New York*. 17s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d. *respectively*.

Sneak would say to his aids, 'there are them three chaps, there, been dogging me about for the last half-hour. I say, Pounce, has anyone been scouting around *you* this morning?'

'Four on 'em,' says Pounce. 'I know'd it; I know'd the muffled dice was rattlin'!'

'Leggs!' says the master-at-arms to his other aid, 'Leggs, how is it with *you*—any spies?'

'Ten on 'em,' says Leggs. 'There's one on 'em now—that fellow stitching a hat.'

'Halloo, you, sir!' cries the master-at-arms. 'Top your boom and sail large, now. If I see you about me again, I'll have you up at the mast.'

'What am I a-doin' now?' says the hat-stitcher, with a face as long as a rope-walk. 'Can't a feller be workin' here, without being 'spected of Tom Coxe's traverse, up one ladder and down t'other?'

'Oh, I know the moves, sir; I have been on board a guardo. Top your boom, I say, and be off, or I'll have you hauled up and riveted in a clinch—both foretacks over the main-yard, and no bloody knife to cut the seizbug. Sheer! or I'll pitch into you like a shin of beef into a beggar's wallet.'

*White Jacket* has set the stage on which, at the end of his life and after years of silence, Melville was to enact the supreme story of *Billy Budd*, a tale as clear and glowing as a classical medallion, replete in pagan serenity. It suggests to me that at the heart of Melville there is neither uncertainty nor faith, but a core of that trained and inured spirit which made De Vigny write the *Servitude et Grandeur militaires*.

V. S. PRITCHETT

## Beyond the Pleasure Principle

The goods van topples as the other train
Punches it in the rear officiously.
'I told you not to change the points. You see?
You see what happens? Give here.' 'Let me go.'

The youngest, on the bed, complains, 'No, no,
The prince's horse was white, not brown; the fish
Didn't do that, he caught it in his dish.
Now start again.' I start again. The train

Follows the points this time, and comes safe back.
The story clicks like clockwork round its track.

Freud says that children playing re-enact
Over and over what they love or hate,
Regressing (as they hope) towards a state
In which self-love will be the only fact,

In which existence will not pester so,
In which they'll move around like clockwork till
Exhaustion ends the cycle, and they're still.

But those who sit upon the floor and play,
Sending off rhymes like engines on their way,
Mending a verse of which they have grown fond,
Invest the outside world with libido.

Narcissus never played with trains, or fell
Sighin' and sobbin' when he heard the bell
Toll for Cock Robin; gazing in the pond
He felt into himself: but these survive.
They look away, and keep themselves alive.

L. D. LERNER

## Grey Range of Evils

**Advocate for the Dead.** By ALEX WEISSBERG. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

One of the murkiest corners of Nazi history is the Big Deal, Himmler's offer to exchange a million Jews for 10,000 army lorries – on the understanding that the lorries would not be used on the Western Front.

In this instance, however, the darkness has been illuminated by a series of unusually searching investigations. A number of the main German participants – Captain SS Wisliceny, for example, who first had the idea of selling Jews for cash, and Colonel SS Becher, who was entrusted by Himmler with all the Big Deal negotiations – were witnesses at Nuremberg, as well as defendants at their own trials. The documentation of these trials therefore forms the basis for the two authoritative analyses of the episode, Mr Gerald Reitlinger's *The Final Solution* and Mr Leon Poliakov's *Harvest of Hate*. Since the publication of these two classic histories of Nazi extermination, however, the affair has been submitted to yet another and more painful scrutiny – this time in Jerusalem. The leader of the Budapest Zionists and the chief mediator between the SS and the outside world during the months of tortuous negotiations about the Big Deal was a certain R. Kastner. After the war he emigrated to Palestine and became a prominent member of Mapai, with an Israeli Government post. As such he was scurrilously attacked in a pamphlet, privately published by a half-crazy religious Jew called Greenwald. Among other charges, Greenwald accused him of saving his own family from the gas-chambers by collaboration with the Nazis and swearing false evidence in favour of Colonel Becher. These charges were so serious that the Israeli Attorney-General sued Greenwald for criminal libel – and lost the case. The decision was reversed on appeal by a three to two verdict. But before the verdict could be handed down, Kastner and his wife had been assassinated.

The Kastner case made sure that every nook and cranny of this terrible story was re-examined. Every Jew even remotely concerned testified *in extenso* – among them a certain Joel Brand. This Joel Brand was a member of the Budapest Zionist Executive, specially concerned with smuggling Jews over the Slovak frontier and forging certificates of entry into British Palestine. The nature of his work compelled him to form intimate relationships with members of two rival German organisations, the *Abwehr*, or Counter-Intelligence, and the SS. 'There are only a few of us who could do this kind of work,' his friend Komoly used to say. 'It's the dirtiest work, but also it's the holiest, even though you have to wade through filth.' On 25 April 1944 he was sent for by Eichmann, the head of the SS extermination squads, who at once made the notorious offer. A few days later he was duly sent off to Istanbul with a forged passport and in company with a notorious double agent called Bandi Grosz. They reached Turkey on 19 May, but discovered that they would be unable to see Shertok or any other member of the Jewish Agency Executive unless they went on to Syria. Once the two men arrived in Aleppo, however, British Security took over. Grosz was arrested as a spy and held in captivity. Brand was not technically under arrest but was forwarded to Cairo, where he was detained and cross-examined for the crucial three months during which the negotiations he had initiated were taking place. Thus the only parts of this long-drawn-out affair on which Brand can

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IAN FLEMING
James Bond's latest and most suicidal adventure: on the track of Dr. No. 13*s*. 6*d*.

JONATHAN CAPE

give first-hand evidence are (i) the situation in Budapest before the offer, (ii) the offer itself, and (iii) the reactions of Moshe Shertok and the British officers who interrogated him. No serious student of the Big Deal could devote more than a chapter to this minor character.

Yet, in *Advocate for the Dead* – published with a clatter of pre-publicity by André Deutsch and serialised in the *Observer* – we are given 'Joel Brand's story' of the whole affair, including a detailed account of events in Budapest between June 1944 and February 1945, when he himself was in British captivity. Actually the author is Alex Weissberg, who wrote that astonishing autobiography of life under the GPU – *Conspiracy of Silence*. Alas, *Advocate for the Dead* has none of the verisimilitude of its predecessor. On the basis of conversations with Brand, Weissberg has composed a popular thriller, in semi-fictional form and with all the conversations in direct speech. I find it unconvincing to be told that 'this was done for the sake of brevity'. I find it even more unconvincing that Weissberg, in his Foreword, should make the following disavowal:

> I took care to check them [Brand's statements] against independent sources of information. The difficulties were immense. The immolation of the European Jews was a rough and ready business that left only faint traces in the official archives. Historical research was thus mostly limited to an inquiry into the testimonies of those who survived.

I can excuse Mr Weissberg, since he probably knows as little Hebrew as I do, if he did not read through the transcript of the Jerusalem trial. But he also ignores both Mr Reitlinger's and Mr Poliakov's histories and the documentation on which they are based. Despite this, André Deutsch sent out with his review copies a Newsletter, which made two very remarkable claims for Weissberg-Brand. Mr Deutsch asserts (i) that *Advocate for the Dead* is 'wholly true' and that he and Nicolas Bentley have been at work on the manuscript for some months past, 'to verify as far as possible every detail that it seemed necessary to check'; and (ii) that the book proves that 'through the combined misjudgement, suspicion or indifference of [the British Government, the American Government and the Jews], many thousands of Jews whose lives might otherwise have been saved were sent to the gas chambers'.

How can anyone claim that he has checked the Joel Brand story and found it 'wholly true'! I myself have compared it page by page with *The Final Solution* and found a number of major discrepancies, where I have no way of knowing who is speaking the truth. Sometimes, however, one can prove that Weissberg-Brand is inaccurate or distorted. To take one minor example: Hitler's plenipotentiary in Hungary was a certain Colonel Veesenmayer. In *Advocate for the Dead* we meet a senior German representative called 'Herr Wesemeyer'. Presumably Weissberg knew so little about the German occupation of Hungary that he took the name down wrongly while Brand was talking and neither Mr Deutsch nor Mr Bentley checked it. Or consider the key question why Eichmann selected Brand for the mission. Not only Kastner but Moshe Kraus, the most trustworthy witness in the Jerusalem trial, both say that the Budapest Zionists from the first disbelieved Eichmann's offer and did not want Brand to go as his envoy. Yet Deutsch accepts his version as 'wholly true'. Why?

Finally we come to the appalling charge which André Deutsch levels against the British and American Governments and the Jewish organisations outside the Third Reich. Is it true that their procrastination in dealing with Himmler's offer doomed thousands of Jews to the gas-chambers? One thing of which I am sure is that there is no simple answer to this question. Even Weissberg-Brand at one point admits that the offer may have been merely a device which enabled Himmler to make contact with the Western Governments. He blames the British and Americans, not for refusing to make what was obviously an intolerable compact, but for their failure to beat the SS at its game of double-cross. In his view, the Western reaction should have been to obtain an advance delivery of Jews in return for a promise of cash, which could then be repudiated! This was, in fact, the way in which Colonel Becher persuaded Eichmann to permit 1,700 Jews to be delivered on the Swiss frontier in December 1944. But it is surely unfair to suggest that Roosevelt and Churchill were callous about the Jews because they forbade any British or American citizen to enter into this kind of 'negotiation'. Two days after they publicly denounced Himmler's Big Deal they condemned with equal severity any negotiation with the men of 20 July. It was not anti-Semitism, therefore, as Weissberg-Brand suggests, that motivated them, but a stubborn belief in Unconditional Surrender.

The most terrible feature of the totalitarian state is that it blurs the simple, black-and-white choice between good and evil into a grey range of evils, all of them morally corrupting and none certain to achieve good results. How to respond to the Himmler offer was one of those pitchy problems which defiled everyone who touched it. I regret that Mr Weissberg and Mr Deutsch should have combined to launch a best-seller whose distortions of fact and gross over-simplifications of the moral issues involved will shock – but for very different reasons – both the serious student and the common reader.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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**CHATTO & WINDUS**

# Vive la Bagatelle!

**Thackeray: The Age of Wisdom: 1847-1863.** By GORDON N. RAY. *Oxford.* 55*s.*

'Mr Thackeray was an uncomfortable writer.' So Bagehot reports the old lady as saying. She was right, for Thackeray was an uncomfortable man, how uncomfortable there is now no excuse for not knowing: Professor Ray has laid open before us that quiveringly complex sensibility in fascinating, almost quotidian detail, first in his monumental edition of the letters and then in his biography, of which *Thackeray: The Age of Wisdom* is the second and concluding volume. He superbly re-creates the man and his age. Professor Ray's biography has breadth and depth; the breadth coming from his consummate mastery of his material and the ease with which he deploys it, the depth from his warm sympathy with his hero, for – there can be no mistake – to him Thackeray is a hero.

The age of wisdom is also the age of Thackeray's success. When this new volume begins *Vanity Fair* is already behind him: he is a conqueror, one of the half-dozen great commanding presences in the literary life of his day. What follows, in outline at any rate, is familiar enough: the sad, abortive relationship with Jane Brookfield, in which, as Mr Ray says, sexual feeling was sublimated into sentiment, the lucrative association with Smith in *Cornhill*, the lectures, the conquest of the United States, 'The Garrick Club Affair', the constant ill-health, the surface cheerfulness, the death in early middle age; all this set in the long years of his grass-widowerhood, in which an intense domesticity shared with his daughters existed side by side with an innocent Bohemianism.

Thanks to the resources of the University of Illinois and Professor Ray's scholarship, we know Thackeray as intimately as any man of his time. Yet, minutely particularised though it is, this impressive biography is unlikely to lead to any radical revision of our notion of Thackeray the man. Where he appears strange to us it is precisely in those details of early Victorian behaviour generally that are strange to us. Thus, it is impossible to read Professor Ray without occasionally feeling that the many tears welled into Thackeray's eyes somewhat too often and too easily; but then, it was an age in which lachrymation was a sign of virtue: when, a few months before his death, Thackeray had his reconciliation with Dickens at the Athenaeum, Dickens blubbed, and though we are not told by Professor Ray, it is difficult not to think that they blubbed together. Again, there are the changes in idiom to be allowed for, the namby-pamby that comes in with any reference to women, children or religion, and that 'fantastic-facetious', so laboriously cultivated by his generation, which we find 'bubbling and hiccupping', in G. M. Young's phrase, in Thackeray's letters.

But these are minor matters, and Thackeray's personality is altogether too rich and complicated to allow him to be reduced to the status of a mere representative man of his age. Professor Ray is at pains to show him as an English Horace; but the resemblances are superficial. Thackeray may have found the Horatian mask a convenient persona, but no man ever sang *carpe diem* more glumly. 'A painfulness,' says Bagehot in his brilliant essay, written within months of the novelist's death, 'certainly clings like an atmosphere round Mr Thackeray's writings.' Bagehot explains this in terms of Thackeray's 'insepar-

able and ever-present realism', but surely much more important here is the strong insistence on the vanity of all things that runs through his work. He was a wounded man, and success came too late to help him. He was twenty-nine when his wife was struck down with insanity. After that, one has the strongest feeling that he felt nothing mattered except a few provisional, short-term objectives, of which the most important were to conduct himself as a gentleman should and to earn enough money to ensure his daughters' material comfort. The rest – success, fame, wealth – was a hideous irony, and much of the uncomfortableness we experience in reading Thackeray comes from the sense we have of being in the presence of a phantom who, in Arnold's words, is 'frozen up within' and hears 'the world applaud the hollow ghost'.

Bagehot compares Thackeray with Sterne but adds, 'There is a tinge – a mitigated, but perceptible tinge – of Swift's philosophy in Thackeray'. There was indeed something of Swift in him. He, too, might have cried *Vive la bagatelle!* It comes out in what might be called his determined frivolity, his delight in doggerel and facetious letters and comic songs late at night; all the paraphernalia, in other words, of a man who has to keep his mind occupied with a multitude of small things in order to keep the great black things out. They threatened him all the time, one feels, and the wonder is that he remained as cheerful as he did. They threatened him not only from within but from without. When he glanced at politics, he was moved by the deep pessimism of the true Conservative. He said of Kingsley and Mayhew that they were 'employed as by instinct in unscrewing the old framework of society'. Thackeray had no great regard for the old framework of society but he would do nothing to help unscrew it because he feared any new one might be worse. Having known chaos and the void at first hand, he was terrified of it.

Professor Ray has no doubts about the stature of his hero: 'Thackeray was a big man, a ripe man, and a complete man'. He was certainly a good man, which is better. As a man, it is only when we set him beside the really towering that we have our doubts. Compared with the tragic figure of Swift, for example, he does not transcend the pathetic.

WALTER ALLEN

# Autobiographies

**My Father's Son.** By RICHARD RUMBOLD. *Cape.* 15*s.*

**Against the Wind.** By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s.*

**Bid the Soldiers Shoot.** By JOHN LODWICK. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

*My Father's Son* was published under a pseudonym in 1949. It has now been re-issued under the author's own name and with an introduction by Sir Harold Nicolson. It is an extraordinary story of the neurosis that spoiled Richard Rumbold's adolescence and early manhood, and deserves to be better known. Failure had turned Richard Rumbold's father into a domestic despot; a man who shook his fist at society, despised women and intellectuals, was attracted to his wife because she was 'the tidiest woman on a horse' and yet, as soon as he discovered that she was weak-willed and yielding, bullied her into passivity and finally into lunacy. He boasted of his own hardness. He would fling a knife across the table to his son: 'What do you see, my boy, written on the blade?' 'Sheffield, stainless steel, Pa.' 'Exactly, and now you know the stuff your father is made of . . . Stainless steel!' The education of the son followed the whims of the father, who couldn't be sure whether he wished his son to conform or to be a rebel, as he fancied he himself was. So the boy drifted from school to school, attending eight in all, in England and on the Continent. In adolescence he was hopelessly insecure, uncertain of his sexual responses, and quite unable to mix easily with his fellows. It was only in the RAF that he found his identity, in 'the spirit of the group . . . which one learnt to love, and to me at least it seemed more durable than any individual mortal relationship'.

This is a strange and fascinating story. One grows to like the author for the perils he has passed, for the serene mood in which he recalls them, and for his simple and effective style. But the book has two main weaknesses. It is hard to make a neurosis convincing. Though words can never fully describe love or grief or physical pain, we know what they mean. The tedious anguish of the neurotic cannot be communicated. One can only make banal and embarrassing statements – 'I felt insecure', 'I was afraid' – which do not arouse any deep response. What can we make of Borrow's descriptions of his 'horror'? And then, *My Father's Son* is essentially a passive story. It is not, like *Father and Son*, the story of the clash of two temperaments. In *My Father's Son* there is only one strong personality, that of the father, and when, after only eighty pages, he fades into the background, the tension created by the well-organised early chapters is lost.

By comparison, the other two autobiographies this week look like bread-and-butter jobs. In *Against the Wind* Geoffrey Household tells of his life as a banker in Rumania, a banana salesman in Spain, a traveller in printing-ink in South America, a writer of a children's encyclopædia in New York; and, during the war, a Field Security officer in Rumania, Greece and the Middle East. Incident follows incident rapidly. Perhaps too rapidly: this is the sort of autobiography which is easy and enjoyable to read, but awfully hard to remember. I am glad Mr Household has exposed the conspiracy which dumps the Jamaican banana in this country – 'a dull vegetable rather than a fruit'; but I wish he had unfolded his Spanish and South American travels in a more leisurely way; I wish he had told us more about his writing; I wish he had paused more often to put faces on the people he writes about. In fact, this is a curiously reticent book. It tells us so little about Geoffrey Household. This is due partly to a facetiousness which spoils a lucid style, and partly to a gentle but persistent self-deprecation.

*Bid the Soldiers Shoot* is John Lodwick's account of his spells in various European prisons during the war. It is first-class entertainment, packed with incident and with a cast of hundreds. There is also some enjoyable sniping at other writers – 'Tunnellers', H. E. Bates, Hemingway ('the hairy faker'). I would have enjoyed this book much more if Mr Lodwick hadn't been so determined to distract me with his own brilliance. His jumps-forward and flashes-back are clever but confusing. So is his style. He is partial to a rather muddy lyricism; his sentences are long and involved; his similes can be obscene ('officers were as rare as milk from male nipples'); he thinks the biggest word is the funniest; and when the language fails him, he invents. 'Rebarbative' and 'nivelisation' can pass, I suppose. But I am not sure about 'chancrous' and 'contourn'.

V. S. NAIPAUL


**Flash and Filigree**

TERRY SOUTHERN. 'Let everyone salute Mr. Terry Southern who with only his first novel already has a winner.' Henry Green, *Observer*. 'Very amusing and original.' *Manchester Guardian*. 12s 6d

**The God Boy**

IAN CROSS. A novel from New Zealand 'in the Salinger-Courage tradition' (Peter Green, *Daily Tel.*). 'Katharine Mansfield, one feels, would have hailed her fellow New Zealander as a true artist.' *Observer*. 12s 6d

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WELDON HILL. 'It is compassionate, innocent and very funny.' *Glasgow Herald*. 3rd impression. 15s

**The Old Country**

SHOLOM ALEICHEM. 'Some are tragic, some are quaint, some are comic—but all are quite beautifully told.' *Yorkshire Evening Press*. 18s

*Today*

**Advocate for the dead**

*The Story of Joel Brand told by Alex Weissberg* 15/-

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GEOFFREY IRELAND. A camera study of the artist at work, with a foreword by Laurie Lee. *Today*. 55s

**The Suffrage of Elvira**

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**ANDRE DEUTSCH**

## Elephant Story

**Soondar Mooni.** By E. O. SHEBBEARE. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Mr Shebbeare served for thirty-two years as an officer in the Indian Forest Service and nine years as Chief Game Warden in Malaya. Much of his professional time and most of his spare time were spent in devoted study of natural history and there can be few Europeans with such intimate understanding of the Indian jungles. Like all who have had much to do with elephants, who have known their gentleness and sensitivity, their grandeur and their pathos, their astonishing adaptability to the service and friendship of men, he has a deep affection for these most appealing of creatures. No less evident is his warm regard for the people of rural India. With his very considerable knowledge of his subject he has combined a gift both for narrative and description and a lively humour to produce a book at once light and charming and of absorbing interest.

Soondar Mooni is a real character, and although, of course, the details of her early life are invented, they portray the kind of experience shared by any of her wild kin. She was born towards the end of the last century near the foothills of the Assam Himalaya where the first two years of her life were spent roaming with the herd. 'Roaming' is perhaps hardly the right word, for the life of a wild elephant follows a disciplined pattern directed by the leader of the herd. Constant travel is necessary in search of seasonal fodder; even for so large an animal there are many dangers, tigers and forest fire, for example, to be met with skill and judgment, while frequent visits must be paid to a medicinal salt-lick, often located in places difficult of access, particularly for a new-born calf. When she was a baby, Soondar Mooni and her mother were captured, together with the rest of the herd. They were sold by auction to a Bihar dealer who trained the mother for re-sale at the Sonepore Mela, the biggest of the elephant fairs. The calf was kept as a family pet, until eventually, in 1912, she was bought by the Government for work in the Bengal district of Jalpaiguri. The background to each phase is deftly sketched with detail, often amusing, always interesting.

Soon after Soondar Mooni's arrival in Jalpaiguri, the Deputy Commissioner organises a big tiger-shoot. Though completely new to the game she is chosen, on the advice of a young forest officer who has taken a fancy to her, as one of the Howdah elephants. Disappointed by her poor performance on this important occasion, the forester is determined to give her another chance. With this in view he organises a small tiger-shoot of his own. The account of the disaster that results, of our heroine's headlong flight and disappearance into the jungle and of the remarkable events which follow, makes a poignant and exciting climax to this delightful story.

ERIC SHIPTON

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## Parkinson on Progress

**Parkinson's Law or the Pursuit of Progress.** By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

As most of these ten comic essays in applied social science have previously appeared in periodicals, and many readers will have already laughed themselves silly over Professor Parkinson's digs at the Establishment, it is unnecessary to review his book at length.

The Professor's fundamental axiom, Parkinson's Law, elucidates one of mankind's most intractable problems. Why does everyone but a freak always feel overworked? Work, like Nature, abhors a vacuum. 'Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion,' in the Professor's authorised version. Hence the curses of our time: over-full employment, the proliferation of the bureaucracy, the futility of Committee meetings, the sleepiness of Cabinet Ministers and the exhaustion of old ladies in Torquay after taking all day to write a postcard and get it safely to the pillar-box. All available statistics confirm this epoch-making discovery. With the aid of higher mathematics the Professor has worked out the number of men needed to do the same amount of work from year to year in two of our great Government departments, the Admiralty and the Colonial Office: the requisite annual increase lies between 5.17 and 6.56 per cent. To compute the number of men required to govern this country, or any other, at any given time further disturbing factors must be taken into account such as purges and revolutions, but the rule of steady growth can be shown to hold good. The English Cabinet numbered 5 in 1740, 12 in 1801, 16 in 1885 and 22 in 1935. It is understandable that Professor Parkinson finds no place in his graph for the Duke of Wellington, who in 1835 conducted the entire business of all the Cabinet Ministers for three weeks single-handed, with complete satisfaction to all concerned, yet had leisure to run the Tower of London and the Cinque Ports as well. For the Duke, of course, was an obvious freak, a *lusus naturae*, where work was concerned.

Other previously unrecognised phenomena of modern social life to receive the ruthless Parkinson treatment include the Coefficient of Inefficiency, the Point of Vanishing Interest, Injelititio, and the Hound Barrier; this last being the obstacle Chinese millionaires in Singapore are obliged to break through if they wish to avoid kidnapping. But can they be relied on to be equally funny? Tastes in humour differ, and this reviewer suggests a map reference for those in doubt. The vantage-point from which Professor Parkinson takes a new, and disturbing, look at our most hallowed institutions lies very close to the look-out whence Stephen Potter surveys the Schweppervescent landscape. But there is no gamesmanship nonsense about Parkinson: all his blows are shrewdly directed below the belt. Personally, I regard him as one of the funniest men alive because I respond inordinately to his mathematical jokes.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

## The Art of Awareness

**By way of Sainte-Beuve.** By MARCEL PROUST. Translated by SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

Miss Townsend Warner's first service to Proust is to change the title of these essays. To substitute 'By Way Of' for *'Contre'* was a stroke of genius: for the attack upon Sainte-Beuve's 'Method' is no more than a starting-off point for a unique and unclassifiable adventure in empiric criticism.

In 1908 Proust wrote an article for the *Figaro* tilting at Sainte-Beuve, and within six months had expanded it into an essay of 250 pages, a very curious essay, proliferating from 'talks with Mamma' into the working out, not only of his ideas about other writers, but about people and moments which were later to be brought, almost as they stood, into his final masterpiece.

*A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is just about as bizarre as a novel can be, if it is to remain a great novel; and the thing which holds it in its place is the steely trellis of intellect beneath the loading of foliage and flowers. Proust's is a great clear mind, intent not only upon hauling up the truth with all roots intact, but upon setting down as plainly as possible how it was done and exactly what the findings were. He has the gift of the connoisseur; to make the first test by insight, depending upon the intuitive flash, and then to test that insight by experience and by knowledge. It is to defend his own method that he attacks Sainte-Beuve's.

> Sainte-Beuve's Method is not, at first sight, such an important affair. But perhaps in the course of these pages we may be led to realise that it touches on very important intellectual problems, and on what is perhaps for an artist the greatest of all: this relative inferiority of the intellect which I spoke of at the beginning. Yet all the same, it is intellect we must call on to establish this inferiority. Because if intellect does not deserve the crown of crowns, only intellect is able to award it.

Before he comes to this conclusion, he has given the prototype examples of his own insights: the past recalled by the taste of a piece of toast soaked in tea, the stumble upon an uneven paving-stone. Afterwards, he goes on to the past recalled by sleep, by a certain room, by the smell of lilac. Out of the dreams and the insights a human figure emerges: the figure of the Countess who lives at the far end of the courtyard of one of the old town houses. He falls in love with her, haunts her steps, longs to meet her, meets her, and loves her no more. At this time her hair is black, though her

eyes are Oriane's. He tries desperately to read his first published article as if he were reading the work of somebody else. A sunbeam on a rainy balcony tells him that, after all, he will be able to slip out and meet a girl. The silver of Venice tarnishes and blackens, because he has quarrelled with Mamma.

So much for the personal flashes, the incomparable bunch of keys to the door of a masterpiece. Again he returns, embattled, to Sainte-Beuve, savaging and half-praising him for his treatment of Baudelaire, attacking him for looking down his nose at Balzac · and both these essays, nominally polemic, are superb works of intuitive criticism in their own right.

Now Proust turns a corner as unexpected as the one that brought Marcel back to his own garden gate at Combray: for here we are, at home with M. de Guermantes, the 'common reader' who understands nothing of Balzac on a deep level, but is as steeped as a scholar in Balzac's material world. Then we are drawn away from the embryo Basin and confronted with a M. de Quercy, wholly Charlus except in name, developed a million light-years beyond the Vicomte de Lomperolles of *Jean Santeuil*: who is used as a means of introduction to an essay on homosexuality far less oblique, less ornamented, far finer, far more honest, than the essay with which *Sodome et Gomorrhe* begins.

It is obvious from *By Way of Sainte-Beuve* that by the time Proust had finished it, *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* was standing up, in all essentials, in his mind. There could be no more Jean Santeuils, no more mistakes. But even if it did stand there, waiting only for him to interpret it in words, would he be able, would he even be granted the time, to do so?

In the collection of miscellaneous writings with which the book ends (essays upon the young writers of the day, on taste, on French satire, on Watteau, Chardin, Rembrandt, etc., and – regrettably, for the piece wriggles with uneasy *gentillesse* – on Montesquiou) is a profoundly moving fragment called 'The Want of Inspiration'. It is perhaps no more than five hundred words long; yet it is possible that between the first word and the last Proust came upon his triumph, discovered that he had been granted the power to bring back time past. It begins in despair. The artist (a composer of music) has lost the inner light. He writes without 'rapture', and however often his friends may say, 'It's the best thing you've done', he knows it isn't true. He is done for, his heart is breaking. And yet, one day:

> . . . for now one day is like another, and the mysterious power of the seasons no longer encounters any mysterious acclaiming power in him, behold, in that country town far away from where he lives, two officers who perhaps believe he is dead, since by now no one really knows, have agreed to meet while their fellow-officers are out for a walk. And they have sat down at the piano. Then the . . .

The fragment stops abruptly. But we know what happened, what was haltingly picked out upon that piano, upon that lustreless day. It was the opening phrase of Vinteuil's *Septuor*.

Miss Townsend Warner's translation is splendid, lucid, unaffected and at the same time imaginative. Where there is a choice to be made she chooses with that insight on which Proust himself set such value; and when she takes a risk, does so with full awareness of artistic responsibility.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

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'Her square face like an unfinished game of noughts and crosses
'On a piece of faded paper';
Meet Miss Ishmael, lady landscape painter;
Visit the Lending Library, and see
'In the windows of the English Tea-Rooms
'Rapacious foreign ladies devour hot buttered scones,

'While in the café opposite
'English ladies are plying fans
'And eating ices'—
And outside
Flowers and peasants and cypresses
Add their thin threnody.

Like trophied heads and mammoths
These ladies and gentlemen belong
In the Natural History Museum, South Kensington,
The world of Sir Egbert's writing.
His mask of mockery allows him to enjoy
A wry nostalgia for the dear dusty past,
Smelling of potted palms and hymnbooks,
Aquatints and second editions of Ruskin.
Poet of pump room and the family lampoon,
He laces with irony the dainty dated lift of his *vers libre*;
And if all the lines of verse in this volume
Were laid end to end
They'd make remarkably entertaining prose.

RICHARD MAYNE

## New Novels

**By Love Possessed.** By JAMES GOULD COZZENS. *Longmans.* 18*s*.

**The Asphalt Playground.** By JOHN WILES. *Gollancz.* 15*s*.

**The Suffrage of Elvira.** By V. S. NAIPAUL. *Deutsch.* 15*s*.

Do not be too surprised, or dismayed, by the raving reception which Mr Cozzens's new novel has had in its native land. American reviewers, despite their sceptical, colloquial front, are suckers for the inflated mandarin pseudo-masterpiece. In a period of confused reaction, disintegration and formal bankruptcy, *By Love Possessed* is just the concoction to stampede them and the book clubs. It has several of the ingredients that impress the middlebrow and give that illusion of depth: nostalgia, a bogus philosophy of life, a constipated style. It is skilfully constructed with a neat, dramatic observance of the unities, but if you submit it to any of the tests by which masterpieces are distinguished you will find it fails them all. Significantly dateless, though set ostensibly in the present, it has no real life of its own and not a single memorable character. Its hero, Arthur Winner, through whose eyes we see all the action, remains, for all his penchant for making love in thunderstorms, a stuffed shirt and a dummy.

Winner is a middle-aged lawyer in a small New England town—too far north, I think, for the Copperhead which he symbolically decapitates in his garden. When the story opens, everything is fine for him. His second marriage to Clarissa is cosily satisfactory. His practice is safe with a judgeship in the offing. During the next forty-eight hours catastrophes occur, in the course of which the present is stirred up and clouded by the past. Ralph Detweiler, brother of the worthy Helen who works in Winner's office, is charged with raping the local teen-age nymphomaniac. Helen commits suicide—unconvincingly. Winner discovers that his senior partner, thought to have been a pillar of integrity, had been embezzling. The repercussions, together with the recollections of his affair with Marjorie, wife of his other partner, are supposed to convince him and us that a lot more love is needed all round. But Winner remains so dully dislikeable that you feel this is just a load of lipservice. As so often with a pretentious novel in which industry and verbiage outrun creative talent and humanist sympathy and curiosity, you are left with an impression of insincerity, a distaste for life.

Here is a sample to illustrate portentousness—Winner has been recollecting making love to Marjorie at the time of his own wife's death.

> So the episode, whatever you would call it, was (might he not have dreamed the whole?) over. The brief madhouse scene, the dumb byplay of the theroid idiots, the demented two sorrowers—the passive sorrower stupid and incurious; the active sorrower frantic for means to comfort—was no sooner begun than ended. Yet the scene remained among the broken-up but sharp memories of that ugly day (no dream); and attached, bound to the scene remained, too, harrowings of knowledge hardly to be acknowledged. The successive, earthquake-like throwing-over of a counted-on years-old stable state of things had opened fissures. Through one of them, Arthur Winner stared a giddying, horrifying moment down unplumbed, unnamed abysses in himself. . . .

Something also seems to have gone rather wrong with the motivation of *The Asphalt Playground*. This is a study in problem children with a young pedagogue's adulterous love-story mixed in. The blend has somehow failed to gel. The suicide of Terry, the lost boy, when he discovers that Steven had been carrying on, after all, with Caroline, is strangely unconvincing and throws backwards from the last page an additional fog of unreality. A pity, because Mr Wiles can write fluently and readably. Also he knows the background. Did he not, as his blurb tells us, 'recently produce the Battle of Agincourt with 120 emotionally disturbed boys at a residential school in Oxford as an experiment in therapy'? Part of the trouble seems to be due to special difficulties in connection with turning an experience into fiction. He hovers uncertainly between farce and tragedy.

Mr Naipaul is in no doubt whatever about his orientation. *The Suffrage of Elvira* is a farcical satire about Trinidadian politics. An election in Elvira, remotest of the nine counties, is complicated by the religious and racial currents. The prospective candidate, Surujpat ('Pat') Harbans, has to woo Chittaranjan, who controls the Hindu

vote, and Baksh, who controls the Muslim vote, to say nothing of the Negroes, the Jehovah's Witnesses, and the Spanish constituents. Everybody is richly eccentric. There is a great deal of clear detail, much of it very funny. Incident is rather too tightly packed so that you do not always have room or time to breathe, but the entertainment is there all right.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

# Week-end Competition

**No. 1,468** **Set by Flitcroft**

The usual prizes are offered for verses (limit 12 lines) in praise of a building by a favourite minor architect. Entries by 29 April.

**Result of No. 1,465** **Set by Joyce Johnson**

The usual prizes are offered for a new hymn (or extracts from it) intended for inclusion in *The Humanist Hymnal.*

**Report**

Entries divided themselves fairly equally into the serious and the satirical, whose effect was enhanced when sung to the hymn tune prescribed. Sing, for instance, to the tune of 'Abide with me' R. W. Rawlings's

Trust thou in Mind
And be it thy intent
With it to make *homo* more sapient.

or to 'Through the night of doubt and sorrow' Lyndon Irving's

Earthly life shall yet be sweeter;
Heaven conquered; Hell laid low.
Has not stately Marghanita
Told us that it shall be so?

Judging was not easy and lack of space causes much worthy material to go unsung. This includes lines from J. R. Till, Rhoda Tuck Pook, A. M. Sayers, V. Langton, P. M., and H. Hardman, who began his with

wholly, wholly, wholly, wholly human story,
gas and amoeba, evolution's larks—
wholly, wholly, wholly, wholly human glory,
darwin, galileo, einstein, freud and marx.

A guinea each to Gloria Prince, for the best of the serious ones, to Stanley J. Sharpless for the vision vouchsafed in his last verse, to Allan M. Laing, P. D. Greene, Alberick and Barbara Roe.

Today a child is born,
No matter to us where,
If warped of limb or blind,
Black, yellow-skinned or fair;
He shall not live in scorn,
For we are of his kind.

Today is born a child,
No matter now to whom;
We are one brotherhood
From cradle to the tomb;
Enough for us he smiled
And found the world was good.

GLORIA PRINCE

Come, Spirit of Mankind,
Enlighten the devout,
And fill each blinkered mind
With sweet subversive doubt.

Bless thou our godless crew
In these conformist days,
And help us to pursue
Our undogmatic ways.

O realise our hope
That it may yet befall,
The Primate and the Pope
Embrace in Conway Hall.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Let us with unbiased mind
Solid faith in reason find,
Mumbo-jumbo tales abjure,
Superstitious and impure.

In humanity's the seed
Of the good on which men feed:
Moral law shall aye endure
When the human mind's mature.

Let us, then, with undimmed sight,
Track life's path by nature's light;
For divine beliefs obscure
All that's arguably sure.

ALLAN M. LAING

Glory to human minds this night
For showing me what way is right.
Keep me quite safe from being moved
By things which never can be proved.

If in the night I sleepless lie
My mind with reasoned thought supply,
So when misfortune comes my way,
My humanistic creed will stay.

Teach me to live that I may dread
A bishop rather than a red.
May I be brave in my last days
So no man wastes his time and prays.

P. D. GREENE

*'Glory to Man in the Highest'*
(*Possible tunes:* Songs of Praise, 413 or 457)

Lift up your hearts! Work out your own salvation,
You are the vanguard of your generation,
Spear-head of hope for every tribe and nation
Eager for freedom.

Forward! All outworn shibboleths forsaking,
Cry to the world that Man is in the Making.
Now on this earth a brighter dawn is breaking;
Hail to tomorrow!

Work while 'tis day, ere this brief life be ended,
Toil with your might, that broken lives be mended,
Hand on the torch, lift high the banner splendid,
'Man in the Highest!'

ALBERICK

Our way of reasoning insists
That man himself should save mankind,
For as to whether God exists
We can't make up our mind.

We tend to show a preference
For matters we can comprehend;
Implicit faith in providence
We do not recommend.

To take it that this little spell
Of life is all the life we'll get
On earth, in heaven or in hell,
Is much the safest bet.

BARBARA ROE

# City Lights

**Making a Meal of It**

Stock market prices rose gaily in the week before the Budget: the City was not hoping for much, but it expected what there was to be good. It was not disappointed in the meal. First came a handful of pleasant little things to nibble – the tidying up of a hard death duties case, an intriguing cut in stamp duty on small house purchase (foreshadowing a scheme to offset the Rent Act?), and a useful extension of time in which to appeal against tax assessments. The hors d'œuvre was equally appetising – a reduction in purchase tax on household durables to please the incentive boys and a modest increase in initial allowances to mollify the expansionists.

But the main dish, of course, was the proposal


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**RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LIMITED**
**(Dept. 180W), 314 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.**

to ignore the distinction between retained and distributed profits and to tax all company profits at a uniform rate of 10 per cent. There is no doubt that this proposal will encourage firms to distribute a larger proportion of their earnings to shareholders: the Opposition is annoyed, the City pleased. But its pleasure – profits are not actually booming at the moment – springs less from the thought of roaring markets and quick capital gains than from satisfaction with the compliment paid to its capitalist machinery. The City is getting a little muddled in its old age ('it is natural', the *Financial Times* wrote of the profits tax change, 'to regret that it is the firms which pay out most that benefit most') but it remembers the tradition that capitalism works most efficiently when relative profits are fully reflected in dividends and share prices. It can understand the case for a capital gains tax of the sort with which Wall Street has lived for years, but the atavistic dislike of dividends felt by the unions is quite beyond it. Limitation or discriminatory taxation of dividends, it seems to feel in its bones, will only encourage boards of directors in their zeal for autonomy and their eagerness to hoard profits in the business rather than hand them over to the shareholders.

The change in profits tax, in fact, will be a nasty blow for the most important section of the capital gains community – those who rely on ploughing back profits (free of surtax and distributed profits tax) into private companies which can later be sold for the value of the assets these profits have built up. One form of this practice, dividend stripping, has been singled out for special attention. It is pursued – on a scale sufficiently large to cost the Revenue £2m a year – with private companies which have accumulated large cash reserves: the object is to get hold of the cash without incurring the surtax and profits tax liability which a dividend would attract. The old form of stripping, to which Mr Butler put a stop in his autumn budget of 1955, was to sell the private company to a finance house which would declare itself a fat dividend out of accumulated cash reserves and sell the trading assets back where they came from. The finance house came out well by offsetting its tax liability on the dividend with its apparent loss on buying and selling the company: the company's shareholders finished up with the trading assets they began with and the cash reserves untaxed in their pockets. When this was stopped, other ways were found. The most common has been for the shareholders in one private company to buy another with accumulated tax losses and to lend this second company sufficient money to buy their shares in the first. A dividend is paid out of reserves, the tax liability is set off against the accumulated losses, and the company is sufficiently in funds to repay the loan it raised from its owners. The owners, as before, are left with the trading assets they had originally and with a sum of untaxed cash in their pockets. Mr Amory now proposes to block up the loophole Mr Butler left open and to make his new legislation retrospective to the autumn of 1955.

TAURUS

# The Chess Board

### No. 440. Our Rules and Regulations

They have to be obeyed, and most of us are very law-abiding, certainly so far as the laws of our game are concerned. Yet, in spite of great care taken in avoiding any chance of ambiguity in FIDE's official code of the laws of chess their interpretation may give cause for doubt on some (very rare) occasions, and some such cases have been listed in the *Engelhardt-Verlag's* excellent 1958 calendar. Here's

a position achieved in a recent German match game. Evidently, Black is hopelessly lost and, seeing that . . . K-K7 would lead to Q-K4 ch, followed by Q-KKt4 and mate next move, he pushed the P to B8 and held out his hand with a smile. Overlooking the hand White grabbed the P, substituted a Q and administered the mate on Q2, and since that was exactly what he wanted, Black was well content. But the match captain ruled that the P had been touched and must be taken and the game was declared a draw. Commenting in *Deutsche Schachzeitung* Brinckmann begs to differ, arguing that the rules demand for a P on the 8th to be exchanged for a Q, R, B or Kt. Black had not indicated his choice, hence the move was not completed and the *pièce touchée* rule did not apply. I should welcome readers' opinions on this as well as on an even more ludicrous case submitted to me some years ago. The clocks were started by the tournament director, White appeared punctually, played and noted (1) P-Q4, punched his clock and took out a book while waiting for his opponent. When Black appeared he had one glance at the board and the book and claimed a win. The FIDE rule stipulates that 'printed notes dealing with a game in progress shall not be referred to by the player'. The game was undoubtedly 'in progress' and the book was the *MCO*, a good many pages of which undoubtedly deal with (1) P-Q4.

An obvious source of disputes may well be found in sealed moves, a celebrated case in point being Rubinstein-Takacs, Budapest, 1926. Here's the adjourned position. /2k5/rp3kt2/p1p5/Kt1Pp1p2/3Pr2p/4PK2/PR3P2/6R1/.

**A:** A. Rubinstein 1927

**B:** A. A. Troitzky 1930

When the sealed move was taken to read R-KKt2, Rubinstein angrily protested that, of course, it was a 7. He was deeply hurt. Why, hadn't he emphasised the move most meticulously? Indeed, he had; he had thrice underlined and ringed it, only the figure happened to be anybody's guess. Rubinstein's honesty, of course, was beyond the shadow of a doubt, his word was accepted, and the game turned out to produce one of the gems of his subtle endgame technique.

(1) R-KKt7!, Kt-Q1; (2) R-Kt8, P-B5; (3) R-R8!, PxP; (4) PxP, K-Q2; (5) R-Kt2!, R-K1; (6) RxP, R-K2; (7) R-R8, K-B2; (8) R(1)-Kt8, R-Q2; (9) Kt-Kt3, P-R4; (10) Kt-B1, R-R1; (11) Kt-Q3, P-Kt4; (12) PxP e.p. ch, KxP; (13) Kt-B5, R-Q3; (14) P-R4, R-Kt1; (15) K-B4, resigns.

**C:** S. M. Kaminer 1927

Speaking of Rubinstein, the 4-pointer for beginners is a position in which no sealed move was required to mark Black's speedy doom. For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are both wins, the former a classic and fairly easy. For **C** I offer the helpful hint that some 'underpromotion' is involved before achieving a most elegant mate on the 8th move. Usual prizes. Entries by 28 April.

### REPORT on No. 437. Set 29 March

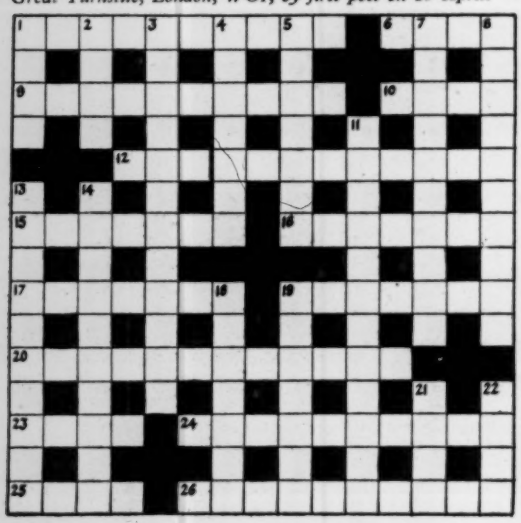
A: (1) R x P, Q x R; (2) Q x B ch, K-Kt1; (3) Q x P (f6) etc.
B: (1) P-Kt6, Kt-R5 (best); (2) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-Kt4!; (3) Kt(7)–K6 ch, K-R3(best); (4) P-Kt7!, Kt-B4 ch; (5) K-Kt4, Kt x P; (6) Kt-Q4! and mates next move.
C: (1) P-R7, B-Kt8; (2) P-Q3, Kt x KP (best); (3) B-R1! !, Kt x P ch; (4) K-R3, B-B4 ch; (5) K-Kt3! (K-R4?), Kt(6)–B8 ch! (*not* the other Kt); (6) K-Kt2! !, B x P stalemate.

A far from easy lot, even so a score of correct solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, W. M. Hancock, N. McKelvie, F. R. Oliver, G. W. Richardson.

ASSIAC

# Week-end Crossword 299

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 299, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 29 April.*



### ACROSS

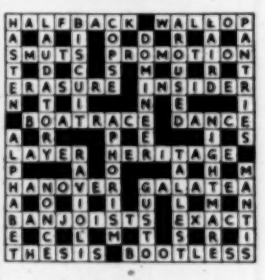
1. With me the religious woman is making an assignation: it is overwhelming (10).
6. The artist has duck before his baked dish (4).
9. The trial stays as rearranged for play (10).
10. Somewhere to sell back the vehicle (4).
12. Paper which may be torn up to serve for our meanest wants (3, 9).
15. Tells parsons who have lost their heads (7).
16. The spear is sterile when broken (7).
17. Thrilled having caught it in the river at first (7).
19. Worked hard and cleanly and got a goal when the centre was missing (7).
20. A golfer plays cricket in the plantations (12).
23. Instrument of award with nothing inside it (4).
24. Brown shows the skill of an international (10).
25. Fast put at one's disposal (4).
26. Bluestockings who may be heartily resisted (10).

### DOWN

1. Complaints which would provide their own remedy but for the lack of capital (4).
2. The bear appears in furs and feathers (4).
3. Lamb has one on pig (12).
4. Attacking movements (7).
5. Miss Trent holds the bat strangely in the girls' game (7).
7. Boundaries, one of which would make May run round the eastern edge (10).
8. Woman who makes a penny in a revised version of a merry tune (10).
11. Questionable female has an advertisement with no actor coming up without having to have a meal (12).
13. Fools cheer destruction for an educational establishment (10).
14. 'The ——— starreth now his bough on the eve of May' (Bridges) (10).
18. Cheat by giving change for the fare in a dishonoured cheque (7).
19. The royal house makes a fight in token of restoration (7).
21. Weapon with a footnote for the high and mighty (4).
22. One or more expressions of agreement (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 297*


HALFBACK WALLOP
A A I O D R A A
SMUTS PROMOTION
T D C S M U R T
ERASURE INSIDER
N T I N E I
BOATRACE DANCE
A R P E I S
LAYER MERITAGE
P A O A H M
HANOVER GALATEA
A O I I U L M N
BANJOISTS EXACT
E C L M T S R I
THESIS BOOTLESS

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 297

*N. Pendleton (Nottingham), Mrs Beryl Schweder (Västeras, Sweden), Mrs N. Long (London, N3)*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

### INSTRUCTOR BRANCH ROYAL NAVY

Why not utilise your scientific or professional knowledge and at the same time enjoy the comradeship and advantages of commissioned service in the Royal Navy? The Instructor Branch offers Short Service Commissions to graduates in Mathematics, Physics, Engineering, Chemistry, Metallurgy, History, Geography and English, to men with degree equivalent qualifications, and to non-graduates with teaching qualifications or experience.

The work of the Instructor Officer is fundamental to the Fleet and covers the widest field of operational, technical and academic duties ashore and afloat, ranging from basic instruction to work on the latest developments in nuclear power and guided weapons. Instructor Officers are also the meteorologists of the Royal Navy

Note also:—

Undergraduates in their final year may apply.

Short Service Commissions are granted initially for 3, 4 or 5 years.

A Short Service Commission discharges liability for National Service.

Starting pay is £511 p.a., rising to £620 p.a. after 1 year's service (£620, rising to £839 for 1st and 2nd Class Hons. graduates), plus marriage, lodging, ration allowances, etc. where appropriate.

£405 tax free gratuity after 3 years and pro rata for longer.

All Short Service Officers may apply for permanent commissions.

Candidates must be British subjects, sons of British subjects, under 36 years old and medically fit.

For further details apply to

Director, Naval Education Service (P.101),
Admiralty,
London.

---

'DUNCROFT', MOOR LANE, STAINES, MIDDLESEX.
(Approved School for Senior Girls)

Applications are invited for the two following posts at the above School which accepts girls of good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment.

HOUSE INSTRUCTRESS—with experience of domestic science and cookery.

RELIEF INSTRUCTRESS.

Salary scales, which include equal pay increments according to qualifications and experience. Board/lodging is provided at a charge of £120 p.a. Letters of application to the Headmistress.

---

READING EDUCATION COMMITTEE
Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's child guidance team. Salary and conditions in accordance with Whitley Council Scales.

Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Blagrave Street, Reading, to whom they should be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

---

PENGUIN BOOKS

require someone with wide experience of teaching to promote the use of Penguins in schools. The work would involve preparing special lists, arranging exhibitions, etc. This is an opportunity of considerable scope in an expanding organisation. Please send full details, in strict confidence, to

P. B. HEPBURN,
PENGUIN BOOKS, LTD.,
Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

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If you're a woman of sound education,
Of good I.Q. with lots of what it takes;
If you can deal with merciless dictation
And type it back with very few mistakes

. . . then obviously you qualify for one of our best jobs, which will satisfy your ambition and reward your attainments.

THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT

3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2.
2 Broad Street Place, EC2.
316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

---

KINGSMUIR School, Stonelands, West Hoathly, Sussex, requires a Teacher on 5 May for a small group of maladjusted nine-year-olds, for lessons and out-of-school activities. Apply Principal.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

### THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE

APPOINTMENT OF YEAR MASTERS

Following a reorganisation of staff duties, the Council of the Association wish to make three new appointments as Year Masters to start in September 1958. The salary will be £1,100 per annum. Private practice is encouraged and office facilities in the School buildings are available. Applications must be submitted by 31 May to the Secretary, AA, 36 Bedford Square, London, WC1, from whom full particulars of the appointment may be obtained.

---

SENIOR Branch of the Foreign Service. About five posts in Grades 7 or 8. Age 27 and under 35 on 1-8-58, but possible age extension to 40 for members of H.M. Overseas Civil Service with experience directly relevant to Foreign Service needs. Selection by interviews in June-July. University honours graduates and others with suitable qualifications and experience considered. Sound knowledge of international problems and experience of administrative or other responsible work essential. Competent knowledge of at least one foreign language; Middle Eastern and Oriental languages particularly useful. Salary scales (men) Grade 8—£1,190-£1,410; Grade 7—£1,450-£2,050. Write to Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting No. 292/58. Closing date 22 May, 1958.

---

BBC requires scriptwriter (British) in European Productions Department of External Services. Duties include writing for foreign audiences documentary feature programmes dealing with life and institutions in this country and with current affairs. Strong preference will be given to candidates with a scientific background who are able to present scientific, technological and industrial developments in an interesting, easily intelligible and succinct manner. Applicants should have proven writing ability, good education, and wide interests. Knowledge of foreign countries and languages will be an advantage. Successful candidate will be offered a contract for one to three years with salary of £1,200 to £1,500 p.a. dependent on experience and qualifications. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.600, N. Stm.) should reach Head of Programme Contracts, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

---

BBC requires Sub-Editors in News Division, London. Candidates must have sound journalistic experience and be able accurately to condense news of all kinds for use in BBC news periods. Work involves day and night shifts and is concerned with sound broadcasting with the possibility of later transfer to television news as vacancies arise. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.596 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

---

NATIONAL Savings Committee: Assistant Commissioners. 6 pensionable posts for men and women at least 21 on 1.3.58. Desirable qualifications: university education; knowledge of economics; experience of public speaking and of organising voluntary workers. Final year students may apply. Men's starting salary (London): from £510 to £655. Max. £1,285. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 154/58. Closing date 6 May 1958.

---

APPLICATIONS are invited to fill a vacancy on our Organising Staff, Northern England. Initiative and good personality essential; T.U. background an asset. Commencing remuneration in the region of £700 p.a., according to qualifications. Write for applic. form: National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St, London, SW1.

---

AUSTRALIA—Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Lecturer in French (Native Speaker). Applicants must be native speakers of French, educated in France and must hold at least the licence ès lettres. Duties will include lectures on French literature and civilisation and tuition in French pronunciation and conversation. The appointment will be for two years in the first instance, with the possibility of re-appointment. The appointee will be expected to take up duty by 9 March 1959. The salary range for a lecturer is £A1,450-£A2,500 per annum. Annual increments are £A70. Commencing salary within this range will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant. General information for candidates for academic posts at the College and the summary forms which must accompany applications may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, with whom two copies of each application must be lodged. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 May 1958.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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UNIVERSITY of Alberta, Canada.—The Faculty of Education, University of Alberta, invites applications for four positions in its Division of Educational Psychology, three in Edmonton and one in Calgary. Applicants should submit transcripts of previous training, a statement of teaching experience, a recent photograph, and the names of three persons acquainted with their work as students and teachers. Applicants should also give such relevant data as age, nationality, marital status. Appointees to any one of these positions must hold a general teaching certificate that will be recognised in Alberta. Applicants should indicate their training in psychology, educational psychology, psychometrics and research methods, clinical experience, etc. The positions involve the teaching of elementary, senior and graduate courses in educational psychology and the planning and directing of research programmes of graduate students. The beginning salary for these positions is approximately $6,000 (exclusive of summer session appointments). The University is prepared to pay a removal grant to a married appointee in the amount of one month's salary if he is resident on this continent, two months' salary if he is resident outside this continent. Appointees may take advantage of provisions for superannuation, medical and hospital services. These appointments are to become effective 1 September 1958. Address all enquiries or applications to the Dean, Faculty of Education, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta. Mark them clearly 'Re: Appointments in the Division of Educational Psychology'.

---

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the full-time post of Assistant in the Research Section of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The successful candidates will be expected to pursue research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology and should be graduates in any of these subjects or in Modern History or Economic History. There are vacancies in both Grade II (which carries the status of Assistant Lecturer) and Grade III. The salary scales are as follows: Grade II—£700 to £850 per annum; Grade III—£600 to £650 per annum. Applications should be sent not later than 28 April, 1958, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

---

AUSTRALIA—Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Resident Tutor in Adult Education. The appointee will be expected to organise and develop tutorial classes in Canberra and in parts of southern New South Wales in co-operation with the Department of Tutorial Classes of the University of Sydney and also to undertake some tutorial work. Salary range: £A1,450-£A2,050 per annum. Annual increments are £A70 Commencing point within this range will be determined in accordance wth the qualifications and experience of the applicant. General information for candidates for academic posts at the College, conditions of appointment and the summary forms which must accompany applications may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, with whom two copies of each application must be lodged. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 May 1958.

---

PROBATION Service. Training for Appointments in Greater London. There are vacancies for men with social science qualifications or good experience of social work. Starting salary £730 a year at age 29 and over. Appointment will be subject to satisfactory completion of a course of training extending over six to twelve months. (Maintenance allowance is payable during training.) Application forms from Probation Division (Room 704), Home Office, Princeton House, 271-277, High Holborn, WC1. Closing date 2 May, 1958.

---

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant in Criminology. Salary scale £450-£675, according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Social Research Division, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, WC2, to whom all applications should be sent not later than 6 May, 1958.

---

INDEPENDENT Television News requires Assistant News Editor. The need is for a lively young journalist with hard news experience who is ready to accept the challenge of an exciting and exacting new medium. Apply in writing to the Secretary, I.T.N. Television House, Kingsway, WC2.

---

CHILD Care—Vacancy for resident Deputy Superintendent at Nanhurst Residential Nursery, Cranleigh, Surrey (for 70 children 0 to 7 years). Recognised for training. Candidates must have a genuine understanding of, and interest in, the needs of deprived children and be in full accord with the modern approach to child care. Nursing or institutional management qualifications advantageous. Salary £535 × £15 to £565 × £12 10s. to £577 10s. × £15 to £607 10s. less £128 8s. for board, lodging, etc. Six weeks' annual leave. Permanent pensionable position. Comfortably furnished (single) accommodation. Application forms and further details from The Children's Officer (CH/WDO/592), L.C.C., County Hall, SE1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

---

CITY of Leicester Education Committee School Psychological Service. It is proposed to appoint a Psychologist Trainee to the above Service which comprises a complete school psychological service touching every branch of the work. It functions in close association with a fully staffed Child Guidance Unit. Facilities include a day school for maladjusted children. The training course will last from 3-5 terms, the length depending on candidate's previous experience. Comprehensive theoretical and practical training will be given introducing the trainee to the main testing procedure, and to methods of therapy, educational guidance, and research. Applicants should hold a degree in psychology, should have appropriate previous experience (e.g. teaching) and be desirous of taking up professional psychological work with children. A maintenance allowance at the rate of £500 per annum will be paid. Applications, in writing, should be made to the Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement and should include the names of three persons to whom reference could be made.

---

HILL End Hospital, St Albans, Herts (For Mental and Nervous Disorders). Locum Tenens Psychologist required for adult work at the above Hospital within easy reach of Central London, for three sessions per week from approximately middle of June to middle of November, 1958. Salary and conditions according to Whitley Council. Salary £1 13s 9d per session. Applications to Hospital Secretary, Hill End Hospital, St Albans giving full details together with the names of two referees.

---

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Ctee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd for Child Guidance work initially at Twickenham Child Guidance Centre. P.T.A. Quals and salary. Exper. essential. Prescribed conditions. Application form (stamped add env.) from Area Medical Officer, Elmfield House, High St, Teddington, Middx, returnable by 30 April. (Quote X.141 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

---

ESSEX Education Committee. Appointment of Visiting Music Teacher. Wantgd in September a full-time visiting string-music teacher. Teaching experience in violin classes and instrumental work desirable. Candidate should have a qualification entitling them to qualified teacher status. An additional fixed allowance (unpensionable) of £60 per annum will be paid towards travelling and out-of-pocket expenses. Application forms (with further particulars) may be obtained (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford, and should be returned not later than 2 May, 1958.

---

REQUIRED in May, Young Woman as Assistant Club Leader in Children's Community Centre in Hertfordshire. Experience and training desirable. Non-resident. Write full particulars to Secretary, Junior Clubs, 12 Upper Belgrave Street, SW1.

---

TUTOR to prepare boy for GCE. 3 hrs Sat and Sun. morns. Roehampton. Box 968.

---

DUNCROFT,' Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. (Approved School for Senior Girls). Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker at the above School which accepts girls of good intelligence in need of psychiatric treatment. Mental Health experience and/or training desirable. Experience of up to date case work methods essential. Salary on recognised scales, according to training and experience. Applications to the Correspondent, Duncroft, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

---

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a temporary Tutorship in History. Salary between £577 and £625 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (four copies) should be sent by 10 May 1958, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

---

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council Children's Committee. Child Care Officers. Applications are invited from men and women for appointments as Child Care Officers to carry out field work duties in districts attached to the Mansfield and South Notts Area Offices. Candidates should possess the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Certificate and have experience in family case work, boarding-out, juvenile court procedure, adoptions, rehabilitation, approved school after care. Interest in preventive work and student supervision desirable. Ability to drive essential. Salary £575-£725 (APT I) according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars from Mrs. M. R. Spence Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

---

APPLY for piece of work which will entitle you to future regular unearned income if you are educational travelling representative or retired teacher. Box 9498.

---

SECRETARY S/T. for Language Institute 20/25. Good salary with LVs. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

---

REUTERS require assistant (man or woman) in News Library. Fully experienced in classification, research and new indexing. Address full details, including age and experience, to The Secretary, Reuters Ltd, 85 Fleet Street, EC4.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Birmingham Education Committee, College of Art and Crafts. Principal: Meredith W. Hawes, ARCA, ARWS, NRDS, School of Industrial design. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Engineering in the School of Industrial Design. Candidates should hold a recognised qualification in Engineering, have experience in the light metal industries with special reference to the production of consumer or domestic goods and will be required to instruct in production drawings and the technical aspects of students' work. Some teaching experience would be a recommendation. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale for Teachers in Establishments for Further Education – Men: £1,200 × £30 to £1,350. This post will be the first of its kind in the College and should be of great interest and offer considerable scope to the right applicant. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, College of Art and Crafts, Margaret Street, Birmingham, 3. (S.a.e.). Closing date – 3 May 1958. The successful candidate would be required to take up duties on 1 September 1958. E. L. Russell, Chief Education Officer.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council invite applications for the post of trained and experienced Family Case Worker (Male or Female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £575 to £725. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

EASTMAN Dental Hospital & Institute of Dental Surgery (University of London), Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1. Person with drawing ability required on research project for tracing X-ray films. 25 hours per week (3/4 days). Salary £5 7s. 6d. p.w. Apply in writing to J. R. Tayler, Secretary and Finance Officer.

REQUIRED, an African in London studying French or French-speaking, to assist in the editing of 'Présence Africaine' in Paris and London. Apply with references to 'Présence Africaine', 17 rue de Chaligny, Paris, 12e.

MARKET Research. Women of good education and personality, aged 27-35, required for interviewing and office duties. Essential requirements are the ability to talk with persons of all classes, a high sense of responsibility, an aptitude for clerical work and a willingness to travel throughout the country. Excellent salary and expenses. Write, giving full details of age, education and previous employment, to Box 9424.

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PS. Harold Ingham is gratified to contemplate bookings of 76 per cent. of capacity on his programme of 'Summer Schools and Musicians' Tours Abroad'. (He is not altogether surprised because he offers such excellent value to the discerning traveller.) However, as bookings are spread out fairly evenly, there are still a few places vacant in most parties - Language Courses in Barcelona, Vienna, Lausanne, Salzburg, Mayrhofen; Art & Architecture parties to Prague, Barcelona, Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples and 'Musicians' Tours' to Salzburg, Verona, Rome and Aix-en-Provence. Also the 20-day tours to Venice-Athens-Knossos-Delphi-Rome. Write for a programme to Harold Ingham, Ltd., 15 St John's Rd, Harrow, while there is still a chance to have your booking accepted, or tel. HARrow 1040.

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ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wed. 2.30. Till 26 April, Epitaph for George Dillon. 28 April-10 May, A Resounding Tinkle & The Hole.

TOWER. 7.30, 25, 26 Apl (mems. 27), 1, 2, 3, May only. Carroll's comedy 'Shadow & Substance'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6). Canonbury Place, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391 'The Ganze Macher' (His Friend at Court), Israeli comedy (in English). Thurs. to Sun. 7.45. Mems.

## CONCERTS

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ISLA CAMERON
Prog. arr. by Rayner Heppenstall
Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room.
SUN., 20 APRIL, at 7.45
10s., 6s., 3s. WAT. 3191.

BOYD Neel Orchestra (Philomusica of London). Director: Thurston Dart. A Bach-Handel programme. Wed., 23 April, at 5.45. Tkts. 4s. inc. prog. Royal Festival Hall, WAT. 3191.

SUMMER School of Music. (Dir of Music: William Glock. Secretary: John Amis.) Dartington Hall, Devon, 2-30 August. Festival-Holiday-School. Classes include: Aaron Copland (Composition), Julian Bream (Guitar), Manoug Parikian (Violin), William Glock (Viennese Classics), Peter Gellhorn and Norman Del Mar (Conducting), Hans Keller (Haydn Quartets), Marc Wilkinson (Electronic Composition), Michel St-Denis (Acting, for singers), Heinz Rehfuss (Singing), Vlado Perlemuter (Piano). Coaching includes: Chamber Music: Sybil Eaton, Andre Mangeot. Amateur Orchestra: Peter Gellhorn, Norman Del Mar, Lawrence Leonard. Choir: Raymond Leppard, Peter Gellhorn, Michael Tillett, Richard Hall. For further details of lectures, private lessons and festival of nightly concerts throughout the month with artists including many of the above mentioned and Peter Pears, Osian Ellis, George Malcolm, Amaryllis Fleming Ambrosia Singers, Pro Musica Antiqua, Carmirelli String Quartet, Berlin Octet, Morley College Orchestra, send 3d. stamp for illus. prospectus to SSoM, 16 Eccleston Sq., SW1.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 20 Apl Gerard Philipe, Valerie Hobson, Knave of Hearts X. K. Douglas, M. Maxwell. Champion A.

PETER SCOTT, David Attenborough, James Fisher, with their own Films of Wild Life in aid of Jack Lester Memorial Fund, Royal Festival Hall, Sat. 26 April 3 p.m. All seats bookable, 10s. to 3s. 6d.

PROGRESSIVE League Dance: 19 April. Art Workers Guild Hall, Queen Square, WC1. 7.30 p.m.-11 p.m. Tickets at door 3s. 6d. (Students 2s. 6d.).

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat. 19 April, 7.30-11 p.m. Tkts. 4s.

## ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 20 Apl: 'Julius Caesar' (U). From 21 Apl: Alec Guinness, Grace Kelly in 'The Swan' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St., W1. Dancing to Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Today, 19 Apr., 8-11 p.m. Mems. 3s. & their guests 5s.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions, Purchase Tax halved. New price list free or illustrated Catalogue 1s. 6d. on request from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Asger Jorn: Paintings 1938-1958. Opens Thursday, 24 April. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Monotypes by Edgar Degas. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Taylor, Chapin, Pass. Till 25 April. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

EXHIBITION of Lithographs by the Senefelder Club at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W1, until 17 May. Mon. to Fri. 10-5 p.m. Sats 10-12.30. Admission free.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. 18th Century Paintings & Sculpture from Italy, France and Germany.

ARCHITECTURE in South Africa. RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. 19 April-1 May. Mon.-Fri. 10-7. Sat. 10-5. Admission free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. House Exhibition (20th century paintings, drawings and sculptures. Daily 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

AIA 25th Anniversary Exhibition at RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, Pall Mall, SW1. Weekdays 10-5, Wed. & Fri. 10-7.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Robert Colquhoun: retrospective 1940-58. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East stn.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. La Creation de L'Oeuvre Chez Paul Signac. 234 paintings, watercolours, drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

ARROBUS Exhib. Hampstead Pictures. High Hill Bookshop, 11 Hampstead High St, NW3, 9-30 Apr., 9.30-5.30 (ex. Thurs.).

HEAL'S 1958 Designs. An exhibition of new designs showing the latest trends in furnishing. Write for catalogue. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W1. MUSeum 1666.

JOSEPH Wright of Derby 1734-1797. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 May. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Marcel Cardinal. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 3 May. 142 New Bond St, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Tancredi – Paintings & Gouaches. Until 2 May. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St, Paintings from Provence. 10 to 5.30, Sat. 10 to 1.

'PARIS-Londres'. Pictures recently acquired in France, by Degas, Fantin, Boudin, Vuillard, Utrillo, Braque, De Stael. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. French pictures of the 19th & 20th Century. Bonnard, Boudin, Degas, Derain, Hayden, Maillol, Modigliani, Picasso, Redon, Rouault, Vuillard.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. 'The Christian Vision' Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings & Sculpture. Also Recent Paintings by William Henderson. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 26 April.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Russell Drysdale – New Paintings of Northern Australia. Dora Maar – First Exhibition in England. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Rec. Pntgs Julian Trevelyan. From 10 Apr.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB
'Crisis in Africa'
PETER WORSLEY and DORIS LESSING.
Monday 21 April, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
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Beer, Spirits, Coffee.
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WOMEN'S CARAVAN OF PEACE
W. Europe, Balkans, Moscow
H-bomb challenge to women
Dora Russell. Sun., 20 April, 5.30
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Belsize Grove, NW3
Aldermaston marchers and all interested welcome.

HOWARD League. Miss Stocker, Governor, Hill Hall Prison, on 'Open Prison for Women'. Caxton Hall, 6.30, Tues., 22 April.

BRITISH-Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship, today Fri. 18 April, Jayaprakash Narayan, James Callaghan MP, & Kingsley Martin on 'India Today'. Chair, Rt Hon. Kenneth Younger MP, Caxton Hall, 7.30.

THE ORT Aid Group presents Sir Alec Kirkbride, KCMG, CVO, OBE, MC, who will speak on 'My 40 years experience in the Middle East' at Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2, on Thurs., 24 April, at 7.45. Mems 4s.; Guests 5s. Refrs. included.

CHINA Brains Trust. Lord Chorley, Prof. Lauwerys, Romilla Thapar & others. Hampstead Town Hall, Tues., 22 Apr., 8 p.m. BCFA 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 18 April, 8 p.m.: Lecture-recital, Songs – Tchaikovsky; Mme. Lesko, Eric Richmond. Fri. 25 April, 8 p.m.: Philip Sherrard (St. Antony's College, Oxford), 'Bysantium: a living tradition'.

'KATHERINE Mansfield in her letters'. Talk by Dan Davin, MA (NZ), MA (Oxon). Royal Empire Society (Craven St Entrance), Friday 25 April at 6.30. Adm. free: A cordial invitation to all interested.

BUDDHIST Society, Special Public Lecture, Wed. 23 April, 6.30 sharp at Caxton Hall, SW1: 'The Way of Liberation in Zen Buddhism', Alan W. Watts (author of 'The Way of Zen'). Tickets 5s. in advance from 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. We regret this special charge, but Mr Watts's expenses must be met, and we think you'll agree that it is worth it. Further lectures (5s each), 30 Ap., 2 May. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Information TAT 1313. NB Saturday Group as usual (open free to all), 26 Ap., 3 p.m., 58 Eccleston Sq.

THE Religion of Success. W. E. Swinton, PhD. 11 a.m. Sun. 20 Apr. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concerts Sun. 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 20 April. Reincarnation and Karma, ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. Free booklet avail.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 25 April, 8.30 p.m. Shri Jayaprakash Narayan, 'Bhoodan Movement in the New Asia'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

THE answer to your problems can be found in the Ancient Teachings of the East. Details lectures etc. from: The Crux Ansata (School of Philosophy). Box 9527.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 26 April at 6 p.m. French inter-Club debate v. Bromley & Kent Languages Club.

THE 'Scroth Cure', G. Pitcairn-Knowles (Hastings). Caxton Hall, Mon. 21 Apr. 7.30. 2s. 5d. London Natural Health Soc.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MAYER-Lismann Lectures by special request. Else Mayer-Lismann will give introductory talks on 'Electra', 29 & 30 April. 'Don Carlos', 1 May at 61, Kings Court North, SW3. FLA. 1731. Applics. to Mayer-Lismann Lectures as above. Adm. 5s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Stephen Swingler MP on 'The New Left', Wed. 23 April, 7.30, 57 Dean St, W1. Vis. 2s.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 20 April, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m.: H. J. Blackham, 'The Antics of Romantics'.

ALTRINCHAM on 'Shaw & Monarchy', 25 Apl, 7 p.m. 3s. 6d. in advance only from Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Close, N18.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALIST TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on 'Aspects of Climatic and Vegetational Zonation'; (i) 'The Climatic and Vegetational Zonation of the Himalayan System'; (ii) 'Climates, Vegetation and Landscape Types in Tropical Mountain Regions'; (iii) 'The Asymmetry in the Three Dimensional Arrangement of Climatic and Vegetation Belts in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres' will be delivered by Professor C. Troll (Bonn) at 5.15 p.m. on 25, 28 and 30 April at Bedford College, Regent's Park, NW1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Institute of Education. Education of Handicapped Children (physically handicapped and educationally sub-normal). The Institute offers a one-year full-time course of Advanced Study for experienced serving teachers, beginning in September 1958. Teachers who are accepted are eligible for secondment on full salary. Applications must be received not later than 17 May 1958. Those interested should apply at once for further details to Secretary for Teachers' Courses, Inst. of Education, 10 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 1.

BIRKBECK College (University of London) Session 1958/59 begins Monday, 29 September 1958. Applications are invited from (i) part-time students wishing to follow evening courses for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science; (ii) full-time and part-time students wishing to read for Higher Degrees by thesis or to follow courses leading to MA and MSc. Mathematics, MSc, Crystallography, and the Academic Postgraduate Diplomas in Psychology and Numerical Analysis. Applications for admission should be made before 1 June. Pamphlet and form of applic may be obtained from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St WC1.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Tuition in Painting and Drawing. Miss Mary Law, exhibitor at the RA and Paris Salon, has a few vacancies. Beginners welc. WIL. 6025.

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